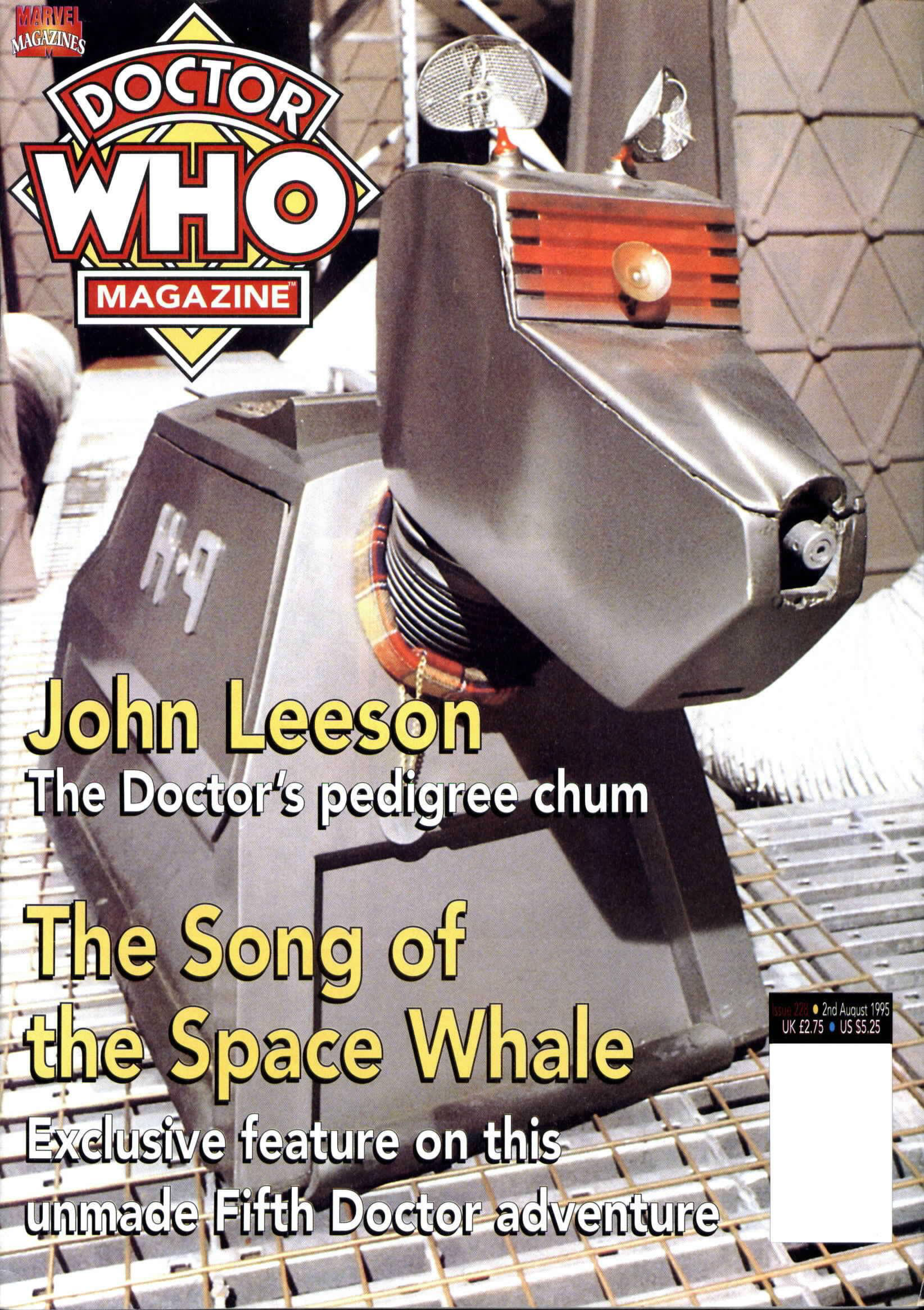
MARVEL MAGAZINES

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE™



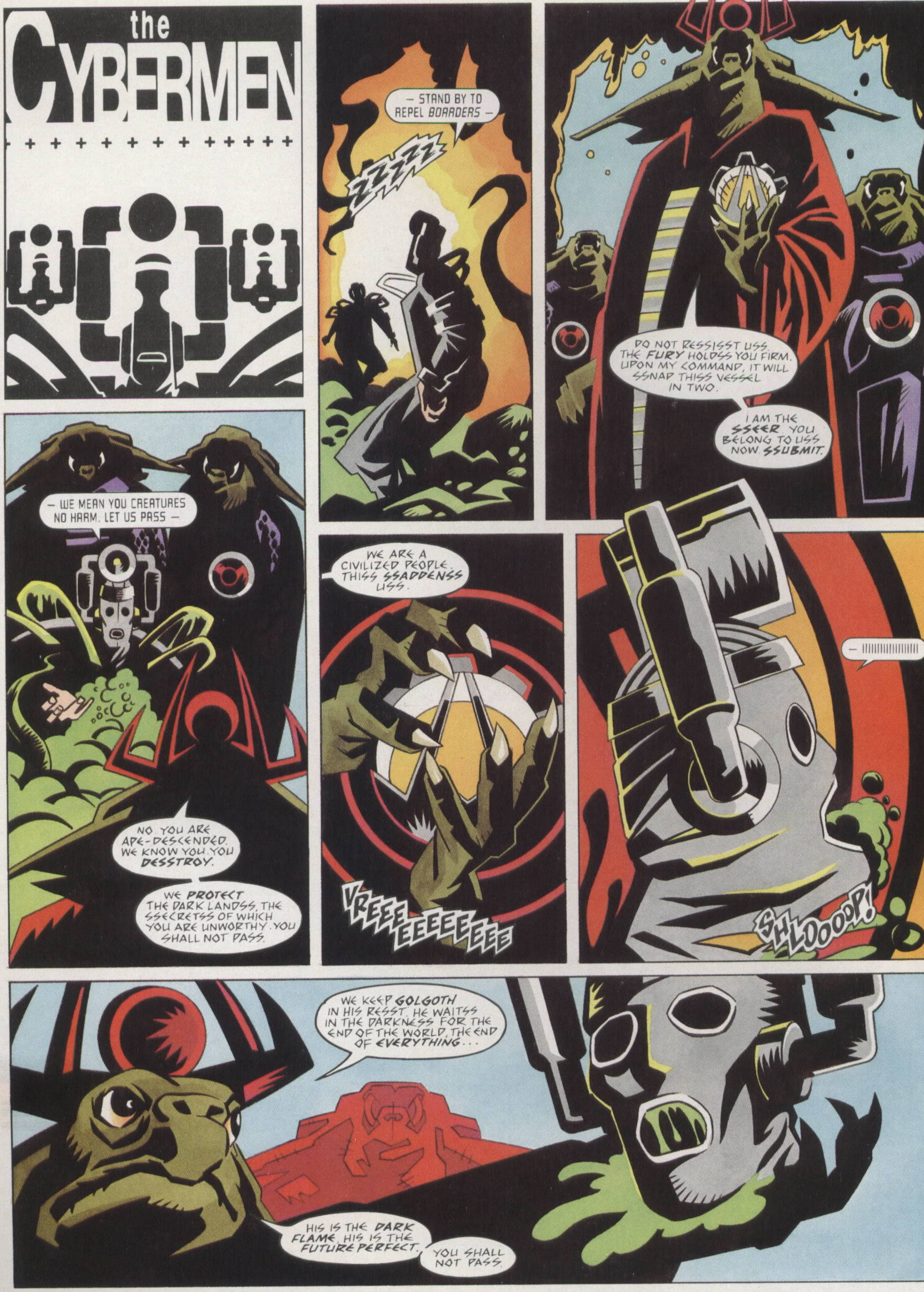
John Leeson

The Doctor's pedigree chum

The Song of the Space Whale

Exclusive feature on this unmade Fifth Doctor adventure

Issue 228 • 2nd August 1995
UK £2.75 • US $5.25


the CYBERMEN
— STAND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS —
ZZZZZ
DO NOT RESSISST USS. THE FURY HOLDSS YOU FIRM. UPON MY COMMAND, IT WILL SSNAP THISS VESSEL IN TWO.
I AM THE SSEER. YOU BELONG TO USS NOW. SSUBMIT.
— WE MEAN YOU CREATURES NO HARM. LET US PASS —
NO. YOU ARE APE-DESCENDED. WE KNOW YOU. YOU DESSTROY.
WE PROTECT THE DARK LANDSS, THE SSECRETSS OF WHICH YOU ARE UNWORTHY. YOU SHALL NOT PASS.
WE ARE A CIVILIZED PEOPLE. THISS SSADDENSS USS.
VREEEEEEEEEEEEE
— IIIIIIIIIIIIII
SHLOOOOP!
WE KEEP GOLGOTH IN HIS RESST. HE WAITSS IN THE DARKNESS FOR THE END OF THE WORLD, THE END OF EVERYTHING...
HIS IS THE DARK FLAME, HIS IS THE FUTURE PERFECT.
YOU SHALL NOT PASS.

I wish to take this opportunity to admit to something that few fans of *Doctor Who* would confess in public: I love K9. This issue of Doctor Who Magazine sees a tremendous abuse of my position as we feature the Doctor's second-best friend on not only the cover (solo for the first time!) but also on several of the interior pages. There is a more important reason for this, of course, as next month sees the release of the only true *Doctor Who* spin-off, *K9 and Company*, on BBC Video.

K9 and Company comprises fifty of the finest minutes of *Doctor Who*. Why? Well, it's just such good fun, and full of marvellous moments: the unintentionally hilarious title sequence; the moment where Colin Jeavons' character greets Sarah with the words "I'm Tracy"; the unwrapping of Sarah's present and her realisation that the Doctor hasn't forgotten her; the ridiculously shifty behaviour of Howard and Juno Baker ("She'll come." "Good.").

K9 and Company is, by turn, exciting, silly, funny and sophisticated and, if there was any justice, it should have been the *X Files* of its day – so don't miss your chance to own a copy. As Sarah, K9 and Brendan were the *first* to discover, the truth is out there . . .

On an almost unrelated note, don't forget that the introductory issue to Marvel's new television magazine, *Playback*, is still available in newsagents. Brought to you by the team behind DWM, it takes a look at more than fifty of the most important television programmes ever shown in Britain. We're very proud of it – and the *Doctor Who* feature includes a charming picture of a certain robot dog. Sorry.

Gary

CONTENTS

THE CYBERMEN: THE HUNGRY SEA PART TWO 2
The oceans have spawned a new danger for the Cyber-race . . . By Alan Barnes and Adrian Salmon.

MY LIFE AS A DOG 4
John Leeson talks to Philip Newman about his time with *Doctor Who*, voicing the Doctor's second-best friend, K9.

THE SONG OF THE SPACE WHALE 10
Richard Bignell presents the first part of an adaptation of an unmade Fifth Doctor adventure by Pat Mills . Illustrations by Phil Bevan.

STRIP: _THE CURSE OF THE SCARAB_ PART ONE 14
The Fifth Doctor and Peri go Hollywood – and find fantasy and reality frighteningly similar . . . Story by Alan Barnes with art by Martin Geraghty.

THE TELESNAP ARCHIVE 21
Continuing the classic Patrick Troughton serial: *The Abominable Snowmen* Episode Five. Compiled by Matthew Pereira.

ARCHIVE 23
A mysterious jungle beneath a steel sky, a future in which humanity lives in apparent peace with a race of one-eyed reptiles, and a terrible epidemic . . . The TARDIS has arrived on *The Ark*. Archive compiled by Andrew Pixley.

SHELF LIFE 34
Dave Owen takes a peek at the two Rani tales, *New* and *Missing Adventures*, and the latest *Stranger* video adventure.

MARCHING IN TIME 36
In the third part of this interview, Nicholas Courtney continues talking to Nick Briggs about the Brigadier's days in and out of UNIT.

TIMELINES 41
Your reactions to Philip Segal's plans for *Doctor Who*, *The Ribos Operation* defended and a plea for more Daleks – all this and *Off Target* too!

FLUID LINKS 43
Matthew Jones looks at the classic, enduring symbol of *Doctor Who* – the TARDIS.

MERIDIANS PART TWO 44
Ace encounters a terrifying creature that haunts humanity's nightmares . . . By Andrew Cartmel with art by Adrian Salmon.

BRANCHING OUT 46
Gary Cady talks to Peter Griffiths about his role as Luke Ward in *The Mark of the Rani.*

MATRIX DATA BANK 47
For the final time, Andrew Pixley answers your queries about the many worlds of *Doctor Who.*

OUT OF THE TARDIS 48
Matthew Waterhouse is next in line to open the TARDIS tin: will his tin-opener be up to the job?

GALLIFREY GUARDIAN 50
News and competitions from the world of *Doctor Who.*

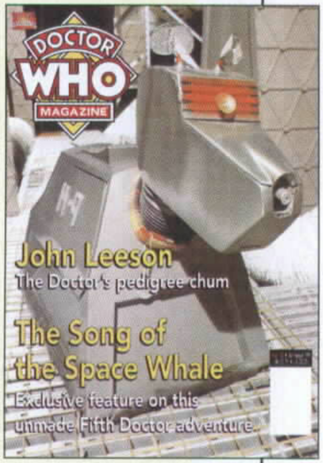
Editor: **Gary Gillatt**
Assistant Editor: **Scott Gray**
Designer: **Paul Vyse**
Assistant Designer: **Ed Lawrence**

Magazine Group:
Marcus Hearn, Philip MacDonald & Alan Barnes
Group Editor: **Gary Russell**
Production: **Julie Pickering, Mark Irvine & Andrew Parslow**
Circulation Manager: **Yvonne Taylor**
Promotions Manager: **Chris McCormack**
Art Director: **Helen Nally**
Editorial Director: **Paul Neary**
Financial Director: **Caroline Aubrey**
Managing Director: **Richard Maskell**
Chairman: **Jim Galton**

Thanks this issue to: Gary Cady, Undine Concannon, Nicholas Courtney, David Gibbes-Auger, David J Howe, John Leeson, Anthony McKay, Pat Mills, Adrian Rigelsford, Stephen James Walker, Matthew Waterhouse, Martin Wiggins, Conway van Gelder Robinson Ltd, BBC Video, BBV, Boxtree Books and Virgin Publishing.

This issue's competition entries should be sent on a postcard or back of a sealed envelope, clearly marked with the competition title, to: **Doctor Who Magazine**, **Marvel Comics UK Ltd., 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX, England.** Entries must arrive by second post on 14th September, 1995.

For details of current subscription rates, see page 33.
For display advertising, contact Gemini Media Sales Ltd on 01277 355418.



DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
John Leeson
The Doctor's pedigree chum
The Song of the Space Whale
Exclusive feature on this unmade Fifth Doctor adventure.

Doctor Who Magazine™ Issue 228. Published by **Marvel Comics UK Ltd.** Office of publication 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX, England. 0171-208 4500. Published every four weeks.

All *Doctor Who* material is © BBC tv 1995. Diamond Logo © BBC Worldwide Publications 1973. All other material is © **Marvel Comics Ltd** unless otherwise indicated. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters, persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Nothing may be reproduced by any means in whole or part without the written permission of the publishers. This periodical may not be sold, except by authorised dealers, and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. All letters sent to this magazine will be considered for publication, but the publishers cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork.

Printed in the UK and distributed by Marketforce (UK) Ltd, 247 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0AU 0171-261 5555. ISSN 0957-9818.

My Life as a Dog

John Leeson's face may not be immediately recognisable to the majority of *Doctor Who* fans, but he enjoys the distinction of portraying perhaps the most famous companion of all: the Fourth Doctor's faithful robotic dog, K9. John gave voice to K9 in the majority of his stories, and his association with the series spanned eleven years. Philip Newman recently talked to John about his days on all fours as the Doctor's metal pal . . .

In the wake of the recent release of many of K9's stories on video, and with *K9 and Company* soon to join them, it seemed an ideal time to talk to the man behind the voice about his life, his work and his time on *Doctor Who.* I caught up with John Leeson at a recent convention and asked him if his family background had led him into the 'second oldest profession in the world.'

"No, not at all. All my family were in the church; my fathers, my grandfathers and my uncle were all either vicars or rectors, and my godfather was a bishop. So why the hell did I become an actor? I suppose it was something I found I had to do. Having done some amateur theatre in Leicester, where I grew up, I eventually decided that professional theatre might be a suitable option. It terrified the pants off me, I have to say, making a decision to go right against the traditions of the family, but they didn't mind and, after a great deal of trepidation, I went for an audition at RADA. It was absolutely terrifying. However, about three weeks later I had a letter from them saying that I'd been accepted. I just couldn't believe it. In fact, it took me about a year of the two-year course to actually realise where I was and really get my act together, so to speak. I was still at drama school in 1963 when I did my very first professional job which was a voice-over for a film for which Rolf Harris was co-producer or something.

> **"My agent said, 'The BBC want you to play a virus and a tin dog in an episode of *Doctor Who!*'"**

"Training at RADA was rather like doing a driving test – they can teach you the rules of the road, but you can't really learn unless you're doing it week-by-week. So the first thing I did when I left was to go into weekly rep at Frinton-on-Sea doing two shows a week – and the most difficult thing about that was trying to forget the play I'd just done. I mean, if there were similar lines, you could easily slip back into the last play! Having done a lot of rep all over the country in places like Northampton and Newcastle, I then did three plays in the West End in the late Sixties: Neil Simon's *Plaza Suite, Flint* by David Mercer which starred Michael Hordern and Julia Foster, and then *Don't Start Without Me,* in which I took over from Brian Cox."

Having spent much of his early career in the theatre, John eventually succeeded in breaking into television. "I got lots of little dramas here and there, and then I had a run of doing sitcoms, including *My Wife Next Door, Take Three Girls* and *Comedy Playhouse*. I also did an episode of *Dad's Army* called *Sons of the Sea*, in which I played a soldier guarding a munitions dump. I'll always remember that the BBC insisted that I have an army haircut – a real pudding-basin job – which was dreadful! I'd only fairly recently got married, and my wife was rather disappointed that she hadn't got anything to hold on to! However, when I arrived on location, I discovered that there had been no liaison between Make-up – who had provided the haircut – and Costume, who had decided to put all the soldiers in balaclava helmets, so all you could see were our faces! I was absolutely livid! But it was great fun to do, and working with all those people was just fabulous. The formula was well set by then, of course, but the acting of people like Arthur Lowe was just so clever."

An altogether more seminal role surfaced in 1972, however, when John landed the part of the original Bungle in the very first series of Thames Television's pre-school children's programme *Rainbow*. "The costume I had was designed by a sort of world-class animal costume designer, but it was an absolute killer. The studios were quite small and very brightly lit, full of primary colours for the under-fives, and it used to get so hot that I had to have salt tablets otherwise I would just have passed out. It was very, very tough work to do, because it was just so uncomfortable. I think we did something like three shows back-to-back in two studio days, so it was quite intensive work, too. I only did *Rainbow* for a year. I couldn't take any more because nobody could see who I was, and so, in effect it seemed like I'd left the profession for a year. And, of course, this was also one of the problems about being K9."

Mention of the robotic dog prompted me to ask how John had come to the attention of *The Invisible Enemy* director Derrick Goodwin. "I first met Derrick in my rep days and beyond that I had worked with him doing touring plays, so he knew my track record quite well. Anyway, one day I met Derrick in my local pub – he was filming a *Z Cars* or something – and he said, 'Oh, John, I've got a job doing a *Doctor Who.* I might have something for you, I don't know. I'll see, yeah?' and so I said, 'Well, good, fine, have another!', and he did! Then, some weeks later, my agent phoned up and said, 'The BBC want you to play a virus and a tin dog in an episode of *Doctor Who*!

The Invisible Enemy marked another important *Doctor Who* debut – that of incoming producer Graham Williams. "I thought Graham was marvellous. I'd never met him before *Doctor Who,* but he seemed an absolutely delightful character with a very

wacky sense of humour. I felt that he and I were very much on the same wavelength. His own ideas for the introduction of K9 were, in a sense, meshed with my own and we sort of carried them out together, which was nice. I know that K9's presence has been criticised by many as being too silly and too juvenile, but I do think there was a purpose in it, if only to cater for the younger end of the *Doctor Who* market and the progression of new audiences coming in. I was ever so sad when Graham died, I really was. I thought it was a real loss."

I was curious to know how John had originally approached the role of K9, and what ideas lay behind both his performance and the voice. "Well, I was hired as a professional actor rather than as somebody to 'phone in' a voice-over performance. I'd done some voice-overs and worked as a continuity announcer for the BBC around about the end of the Sixties, but that was really only a means to an end; a way of earning an income when I wasn't working as an actor. This creature was a *character*. However, one of the problems about playing robots is that they can't be altered; they have no inner life, and no real character development. What you see is what you get, so it was really a case of being inventive with the clichés, I suppose. However, I was always conscious of K9 being very much the machine and not the dog, so it was basically a case of setting out to do what I wanted to do, making sure it worked in terms of being robotic, and just going for it! What was most important was that if K9 was asked a question, he had to answer it – what you fed in, you get out – so he couldn't really be discursive. In fact, he might go on for ages and ages until he stopped!

"I remember we worked in a scene in *The Stones of Blood* where K9 deliberately evaded a question from Romana by just whirring his antennae. I don't think that was scripted actually – it was 'arranged' in rehearsal! But usually if K9 didn't know anything he would always say 'insufficient data' pretty instantaneously.

"It didn't take me long to find the right sort of voice, though. I think it was when I saw the machine, really. I know Graham had this idea that he wanted this amazing computer, which could bat out all sorts of information in a nanosecond, to have a little voice that sounded as if it came out of an elliptical speaker in a Woolworths transistor radio! So I originally tended to clip the voice very much, to make it sound like one of those poison-pen letters, with each word distinct and cut-up. The trouble with that, of course, was that you couldn't modulate it at all. It actually sounded like the computer voice in *Billion Dollar Brain* that spat out words as though they were paste-ups, which was quite menacing in a way. But K9 wasn't really menacing. I mean, he couldn't shoot anybody above knee-height!

"The robot itself wasn't very reliable. As a module, K9 was absolutely dreadful. He couldn't move around and he didn't have very much speed, except when he was kicked around or pulled along by fishing line! He was also a designer's nightmare, because they couldn't build steps or anything beyond the gentlest of gradients into the sets.

"It was surprising, I suppose, that Tom Baker didn't feel upstaged by K9, because he had every right to." I suggest that this was probably because of John's own wholehearted approach to playing K9 – to the extent of rehearsing on all fours. "Well, it was just the way we worked it, and I don't think it would have worked as well any other way. Curiously enough, however, the sort of master/servant relationship worked. Indeed, it was one of those lovely relationships where the servant knows almost more than the master does; Lear and his Fool, if you like. I was actually watching a scene quite recently which involved a chess game, and I was amazed at the speed of delivery and interaction between Tom and the dog in places. It really was incredible. I'm sure we weren't aware of it at the time. There was a real rapport there. Indeed, I'm certain that that was a significant reason behind K9 staying on. He was a fully fleshed-out character, if you like.

"K9 wasn't really menacing. I mean, he couldn't shoot anybody above knee-height!"

"Tom and I are chalk and cheese, but probably *because* we're chalk and cheese we hit it off extremely well. Tom had a massive input into the series. Absolutely! Playing the Doctor engaged Tom fully, quite beyond the heroism of the character; he was heroic for the integrity of the storylines. He was very, very keen that the scripts should service not necessarily him, but the heroic thrust of the story. Although I sort of held myself back from getting too involved with the politics of it all – I was just a jobbing actor doing a job – the logic of the storylines would sometimes be bent to such an extent that we were virtually having to be script editors ourselves, to make sure they were properly carried through. Now this made Tom cross, of course.

"Also, quite naturally, there was a process of adjustment whenever a new assistant was taken on board and, with Tom being so dominant in every sense, the down-side of that, I suppose, was insecurity. One tends to cover one's back against disaster, so that might have fuelled a little angst occasionally. But he was very good at sharing things out. Writers would often give him great spiels of dialogue, but he would say, 'Right, I'll say this down to there, you could say that, and John can say that, and why don't we . . . ?', and he would breathe air into what would otherwise be fairly arid script situations. I'm not saying that all the scripts were bad or off-key, but if something suddenly went out of line then there could be a whole ripple-down effect, and it had to be brought back very firmly to first base. Quite often Tom would say, 'I *can't* say that! It's like wireless! Television's a visual medium – you've got to *watch*! Things have got to *move*, things have got to be dancing about the screen!' And he was absolutely right, of course."

Previous spread: John Leeson with his mechanical alter-ego. Photo © Robin Prichard

A notable feature of the Graham Williams era of *Doctor Who* was the line-up of experienced directors, many of whom came to work on the show for the first time. "Yes, various folks came in. I remember Pennant Roberts being quite cute about the way K9 worked; he was a very, very clever director. We also had George Spenton-Foster, Darrol Blake of course for *The Stones of Blood*, and Norman Stewart who was very much a technical director. He was, I think, possibly less interested in the polemic or the argument of the story than in the actual technicalities of getting it on the screen in the most efficient way possible – which was certainly quite difficult with *Underworld*. That story was a real problem for everybody and I think a lot of money was wasted on it. It was just so difficult for the actors working against a blank CSO studio. There were no yardsticks or boundaries to anything, you know? Everything had to be done by numbers, which was a soul-destroying thing to do. Admittedly, it wasn't so difficult for me – I mean, all I had to do was feed the voice in as and when – but, sitting around, I remember the ratio of studio minutage to actual recorded material was disastrous, it really was. Basically, though, the directors who came on to *Doctor Who* had to do the best with what they'd got, even though on occasions they found it fairly difficult just dealing with getting K9 moving around sets and things.

"We had really top names turning up to play the guest parts, and working with them was tremendous. Beatrix Lehmann, for instance, was a wonderful, wonderful actress. She played Professor Emilia Rumford, I think, in *The Stones of Blood*, and she was superb. Sadly, she was very near the end of her life – in fact, it was possibly one of the last jobs she ever did. I think Tom was most solicitous of Beatrix because he could see immediately that she was a very special lady, and they got on excellently. I remember that I took some photos of her on location – I used to take photos for *Spotlight* [the international casting directory for actors] – and when I showed them to her in the studios, she was so delighted that at the next rehearsal session she came in with a paper grocery bag and said, 'John, dear, this is for you.' I opened up the bag, and inside was a 1938 Leica camera! I mean, what do you say? 'Thank you' seemed a little bit tame really. But she had decided that she wanted to give me this marvellous camera. Susan Engel was there too – yet another lovely actress. We did have a good time on that – it was a happy one, *The Stones of Blood*."

"Quite often Tom would say, 'I can't say that! It's like wireless! "

Later in the Key to Time season John managed to work his way in front of the cameras in the role of Dugeen in *The Power of Kroll*. "Yes, I got above knee-height for once! It was very good. I appeared as a member of the refinery team with Philip Madoc and Neil McCarthy. Philip was wonderful, and his command of languages was quite astonishing. I think he was beginning to learn Albanian at that moment in time. He speaks most languages, and that was his language of the month. I don't think he played the part in Albanian, though!"

It was at around this time that John decided the time had come to leave *Doctor Who*. "Two years was enough, simply because I was not getting the face around. As a career actor, you must always be seen to be there. The fact that I was earning a salary for being K9 was by-the-by – there was more to life than being a tin dog, so I took the risk and left. I was walking into nothing – I had no job to go to – but as it turned out it was one of the busiest years I've ever had in the business. I did various costume dramas, including an episode of *Prince Regent* and a BBC production of Oscar Wilde, and a lot of commercials too. My agent was always getting calls for me to do voice-overs for commercials and, of course, they wanted a computer voice because it was now perceived that John Leeson did nothing else but computer voices. You are what you are seen to be – that's the dreadful thing about this business. They'd often say, 'John, can you do a voice a bit like . . . er . . . K9?', and I'd say, 'Well, no, actually, I can't. K9 is K9 and *Doctor Who* is *Doctor Who*, and that's where it has to stop.' It's really quite extraordinary how short-sighted the creative departments of advertising companies can be.

Above, left to right:
The Doctor (Tom Baker) tends to the Ogri-damaged K9 in *The Stones of Blood*. Photo © BBC Video; Romana (Lalla Ward) carries the waterlogged K9 up Brighton beach in *The Leisure Hive*. Photo © BBC; Matthew Waterhouse relaxes on the prop K9 during the recording of *Warriors' Gate*. Photo © Mat Irvine; The Doctor discovers the cause of K9's inability to speak in *Destiny of the Daleks*. Photo © BBC Video

Below, left to right: Professor Emilia Rumford (Beatrix Lehmann) with the Doctor's hyperspace machine in *The Stones of Blood*; Sarah (Elisabeth Sladen) chats with her robotic pet in *The Five Doctors*. Photos © BBC Video; K9 and K10.

"It was really 'Company and K9', with K9 trundling along behind somewhere."

"By the end of that year, of course, Graham Williams had finished producing *Doctor Who* and John Nathan-Turner had come in. John was certainly a different sort of producer. I know that there had been criticisms that *Doctor Who* seemed to be having too much fun with itself at a point during Graham's reign as producer, but that was modified when John came on board. He was, I think, very keen on the merchandising and marketing of *Doctor Who* – that was very much his baby. Not that Graham wasn't keen on that either, but I think it was somewhat heightened in John's time.

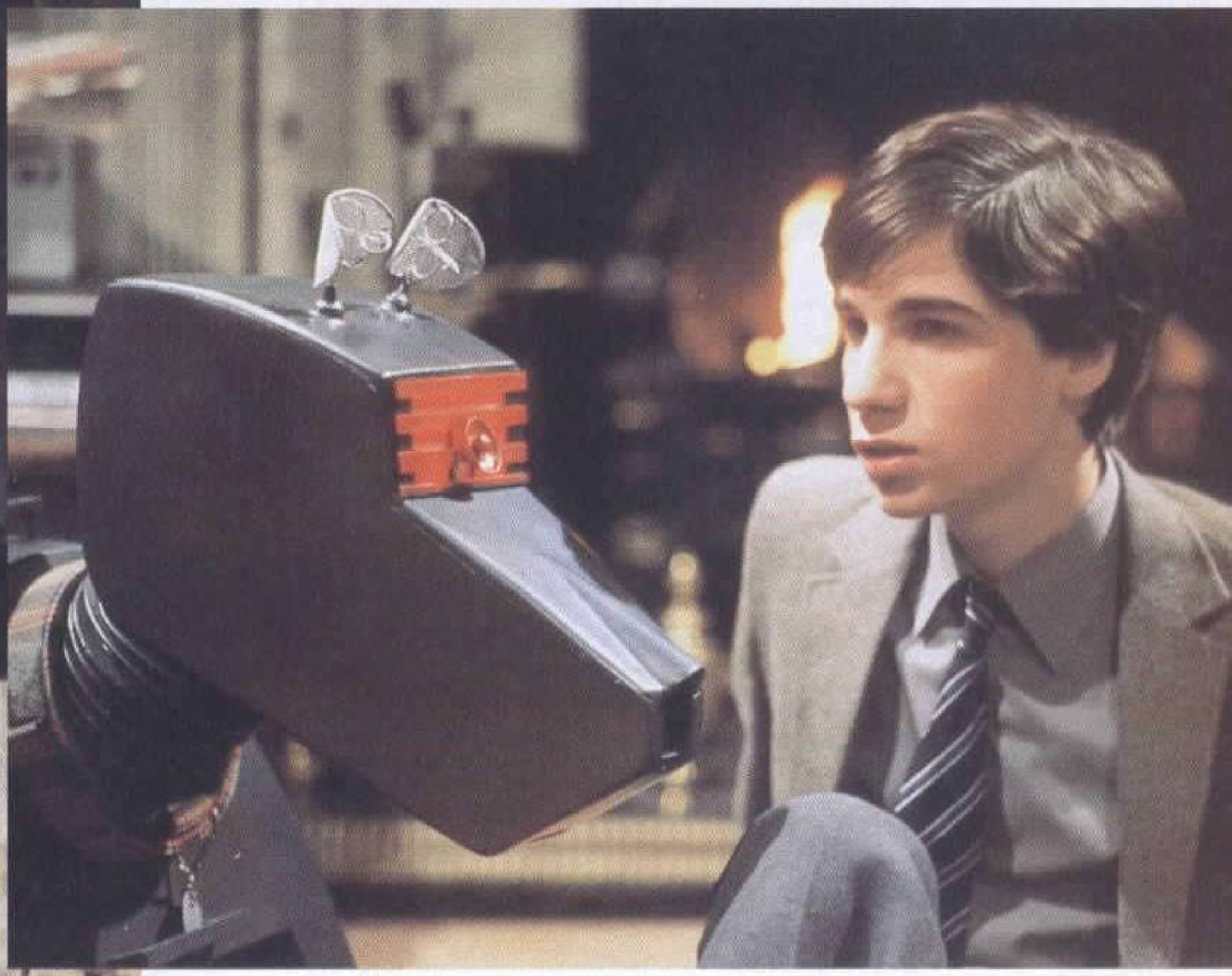
"John phoned me up and said David Brierley had decided he'd had enough of K9 – he obviously had other commitments – and would I come back to see K9 out over the next few stories? I said yes, I would. So I was aware that the character was going to leave – it was an expected event. Obviously, I was sorry to see him go, but he was being used less and less inventively and, for the writers, he was indeed a problem. He was just too clever for his own good. Theoretically, he'd be able to solve any major problems by page two of the second episode unless there was something wrong with him. So K9 was always on flat batteries or had to be kept in kennels or whatever, because he just didn't have a sufficiently sizeable input into the drama."

K9's departure from *Doctor Who* at the climax of *Warriors' Gate* was by no means the end of the story. "It wouldn't have been that long afterwards when John phoned up and said, 'We're thinking of running a special as a pilot for a projected series called *K9 and Company.*' I was quite surprised – I suppose I hadn't fully appreciated just how much he had become part and parcel of the *Doctor Who* mythology – but I thought, 'Well, fine. If there's still mileage to be got from the character, even though he'd been somewhat misused or under-used in the *Doctor Who* format, let's go for it.' And the scripts came in and, of course, K9 couldn't actually hack it, bless his heart, because although he may have a lead, he's not a leading character! Neither was Sarah Jane Smith, although she had to assume that role, so it was really 'Company and K9', with K9 trundling along behind somewhere. It might have been better had the scriptwriters chosen a space or planetary location, rather than rural Oxfordshire with witchcraft; it was too Earthbound. Also, most of the characters in *K9 and Company* weren't actually very surprised to see K9 about the place, you know? I mean, he should have created absolute havoc – 'What the *hell* is *that*??!' – as, indeed, he frequently did in *Doctor Who*. I was there for the filming, though, and a very cold night it was too. I don't think the actors were terribly happy, and Ian Sears in particular was a very chilly actor! But I reckon the BBC expected more than they got with *K9 and Company*, despite the shortage of resources available. Things were virtually being shot in front of black curtains because there was just nothing in the budget. It was done on a shoestring."

Two years later, John made a brief return to *Doctor Who* in the show's Twentieth Anniversary special. "My contribution to *The Five Doctors* involved my turning up on location for a morning to be K9 asking to go on a big adventure and not being allowed to. That was a real cop-out, but at least he was there – and at least the poor folks who were filming the story didn't have to cope with the mechanical difficulties that K9 would have given them!

"Later on I also did a voice for *Remembrance of the Daleks*, but I'm afraid my input amounted to just half a morning in a sound dub theatre at one end of a microphone!"

Doctor Who was not John's only venture into BBC science-fiction; he also appeared in two episodes of the cult space opera *Blake's 7*. "I really don't remember too much about *Mission to Destiny* apart from the fact that I moved on screen after I'd been killed! The second story I did, *Gambit*, was quite extraordinary, though. It was set on this planet which was a den of vice, gambling and corruption; it was Robert Holmes doing another of his wonderful, wonderful scripts. I think the powers-that-be at the BBC took a pretty dim view of it, quite honestly, but the director, George Spenton-Foster, allowed the story to be as camp as he dared, and we batted through it like anything! Aubrey Woods was just wonderful as Krantor – he's a marvellous character – and, of course, Jackie Pearce, who I was at with RADA, turned in another of her superb performances as Supreme Commander Servalan. Great fun, *Gambit* was!"



"Those *Doctor Who* years were a very unexpected, but very happy – probably the most happy – part of my career as an actor."

Since bidding K9 farewell, John has continued to take on a wide variety of work. As well as featuring in dramas such as *The Shadow of the Noose* and *Fortunes of War*, since 1987 he has worked as a freelance continuity announcer for Channel 4 ("I don't work permanently for them, they just keep me on a long piece of elastic, really!") while regularly appearing in *Beadle's About*.

"I started working for Jeremy Beadle principally as a result of the presentation work I'd done at the BBC; my name was marked down as someone who might be suitable for the original *Game for a Laugh* series. It's just amazing how gullible the general British public is. In fact, it's really quite frightening, particularly if you're in a uniform directing people to do this, that and the other, because they will do it virtually without questioning! Quite incredible. Those scams really are quite extraordinary to do, because you can't rehearse them; they're totally improvised. You are very much on your own, so you've got to know the objectives, and that has actually stood me in good stead for the writing that I do; I'm doing more now than I've ever done before. In fact, I suppose that in his way Tom Baker has indirectly taught me quite a lot about writing for television – about writing silences and knowing what *doesn't* need to be said.

"I'm currently writing theatre and telly plays with a friend of mine, Tony Marriott, who co-wrote *No Sex Please, We're British*. We've already written a farce about a magistrate's court in the West Country called *Under the Bench*, and we've got about half a dozen other projects in various stages of development. So that's keeping me out of mischief. I'm also just starting another term teaching Food and Wine Studies at a local adult education centre. I've been tutoring wine tastings for some years now, and I've always cooked quite a bit – I've actually won cookery competitions. As well as all that, I'm working as a magistrate, which is something I've been doing for about six years now. It's not entirely unconnected either, in that it is still very much geared towards giving a performance of sorts.

Returning to the subject of *Doctor Who*, I wondered if John could explain the continuing interest in the programme. "There's currently an increasing nostalgia for getting back to programmes with that sort of escapist element which is increasing the further away we go because, over the last ten years, the quality of British television has really been based on the lowest common denominator. I am appalled at what I see on British television now, I'm afraid. Programme-makers have not been encouraged – and not been able to afford – to take risks, and something that *Doctor Who* did, with storylines, situations and characters, was to take risks and to go for broke, really. It stretched television.

"Those *Doctor Who* years were a very unexpected, but very happy – probably the most happy – part of my career as an actor, really. I mean, I didn't have a clue that K9 was going to take off in the way that it did, or that I'd be attending conventions twenty years or so later! I think it was just simply the company of Tom, Mary, Lalla and Louise, and the joy of being part of something that was bigger than I was. What's more, I had the great pleasure of working both at the BBC and in *Doctor Who* when all the world wanted to work in it.

"I can look back as the years go by and say I was part and parcel of a golden age when television was at its best. It was the happiest at times. And it's still going on; yes, so it is! Extraordinary, quite extraordinary!" ◆

Above left: The secret of K9's mysterious exits from the TARDIS is revealed during *State of Decay*. Photo © Mat Irvine

Above right: Brendan (Ian Sears) tests K9's intellectual limits in *K9 and Company*. Photo © BBC Video

Below: John Leeson today. Photo © Robin Prichard

The Missing Stories

The Song of the Space Whale

by Pat Mills

Of all the unmade stories intended for *Doctor Who*, few had such a prolonged period of development as *The Song of the Space Whale*. Author Pat Mills, best known for his ground-breaking work in British comics including *Doctor Who Weekly, Action, 2000 AD* and *Crisis*, produced many different drafts over a four-year period, moving from the Fifth to the Sixth Doctor. *The Song of the Space Whale* was at one stage intended to be the introductory story for Turlough, and it is this version that is presented here, adapted by Richard Bignell into synopsis form and illustrated by Phil Bevan.

Part One

(Based on a rehearsal script dated 22nd November 1981)

On the flight deck of Multi-Global's giant industrial spaceship, the Orkas, scanners register the presence of something floating through deep space. Stennar, the production controller and second-in-command, examines the read-outs and relays the information to Captain Greeg who orders that the ship go to "Catch Stations". They've found the pilot!

Klaxons sound and the bored crew spring into life. In the termination bay, crewmen clear the area as radiation doors begin to close. Manus, a maintenance technician, irritably adjusts valves on a control panel and reports a blockage in the system to the chief engineer. As he leaves to trace the fault, he is watched by Rina, a female stowaway dressed in the ship's uniform. She follows Manus out of the gallery.

On the flight deck, Gunner confirms that the target is indeed the pilot they've been looking for. However, scans of local space reveal no sign of the following herd. It's time to use their bait . . .

Inside the TARDIS, the Doctor is puzzled when the time rotor suddenly stops. Checking the console, he finds that the time sensors have jammed. Suddenly, the persistent beep of a mayday signal breaks through. It is drowned out by another signal, an eerie, haunting set of sounds: a song. The Doctor, Tegan and Nyssa stare in astonishment at the image that appears on the scanner screen; a titanic, matter-encrusted body with large solar fins sailing through the void of space. It is a Ghaleen – a space whale.

The whale's song fills the TARDIS. Tegan asks if the Ghaleen is dangerous. "Quite the reverse," replies the Doctor. "There are reports of them helping ships in distress. He's probably answering that mayday."

On board the Orkas, the navigator watches on a targeted screen as the space whale slowly approaches the ship. On Greeg's command, the tractor cannons are fired, drawing the Ghaleen towards the rear of the vessel.

The Doctor watches, horrified, realising that the mayday is a trick to attract the creature. As the Ghaleen's song becomes plaintive and distressed, they realise that the Orkas is a whaling ship.

The ship's bow gates are opened to bring the Ghaleen into the termination bay. The chief engineer calls Stennar to inform him of the loss of suction discovered in duct three. Annoyed, Stennar orders that the problem be sorted immediately.

In one of the ship's corridors, Manus removes a section of deck, exposing a length of broad pipe. After detecting where the blockage is, he begins to remove the bolts holding down an inspection hatch. He hears a hollow, scratching sound from within the pipe. A scared Rina watches on, hiding in the shadows.

The TARDIS deliberately moves directly into the tractor beam, severing the Orkas' link with the Ghaleen. The Doctor reverses the temporal motors in an attempt to break free as the space whale flies away. The beam is too strong, however, and the TARDIS is drawn into the whaler.

Greeg watches as the Ghaleen breaks away. This must be the work of the Ecos! Stennar informs him that the unidentified craft has been brought into the termination bay and orders an emergency shutdown. Greeg orders him to continue with the processing. "They lost us a pilot. Let them take the consequences. It's an accident, Stennar. An unfortunate accident . . ."

The TARDIS is violently buffeted by laser bombardment as it passes through the production line. Suddenly, all is quiet as the TARDIS is deposited in a deserted, radiation-filled gallery. As the radiation level drops, the Doctor asks Nyssa to try to locate the source of the temporal jamming.

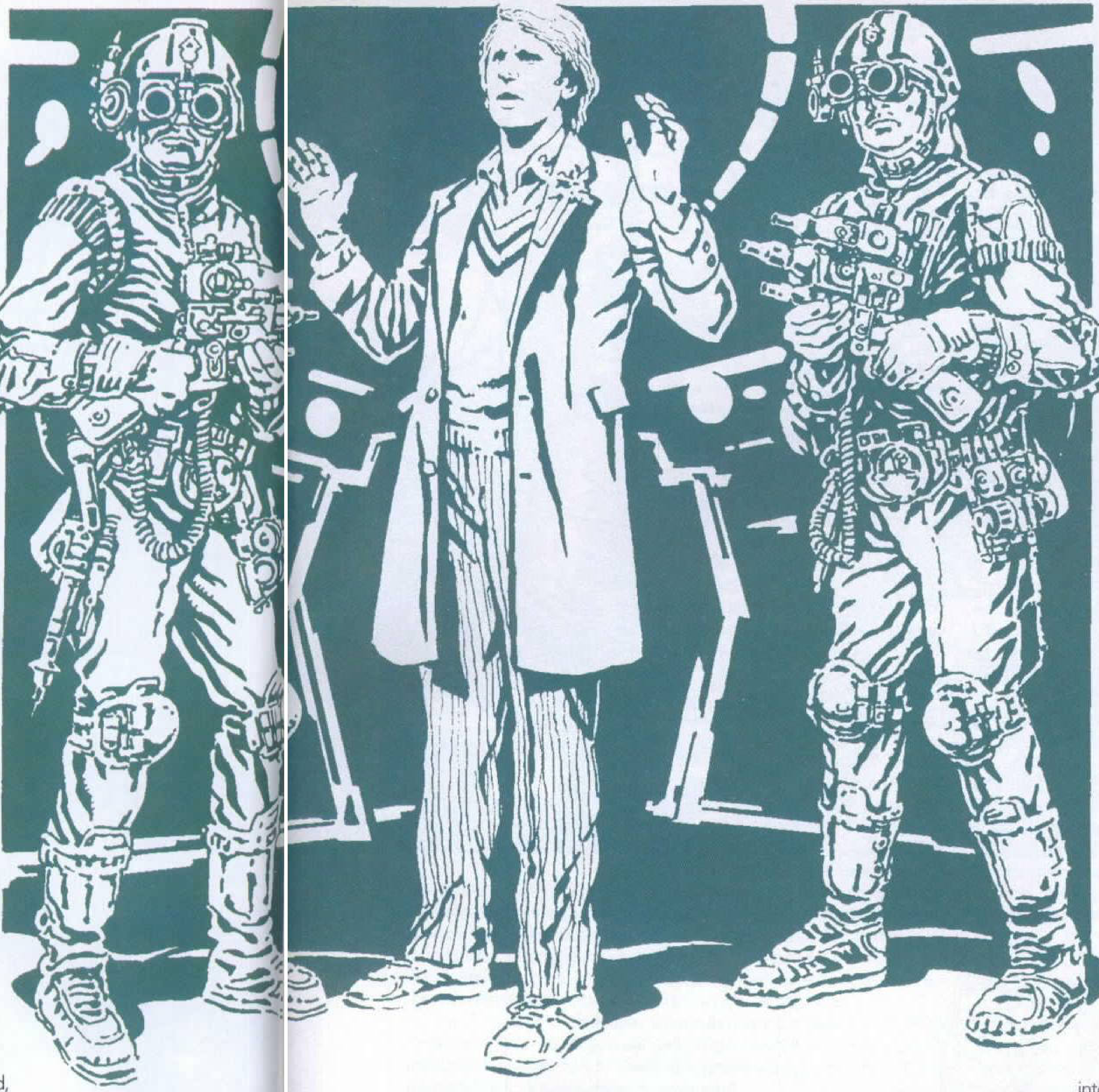
Leaving the TARDIS, the Doctor examines its burnt exterior. Two security men enter the gallery and arrest him.

Manus enters the crewroom and informs the chief engineer that there is a large life-form in the pipe. The chief orders him to clear the blockage. If they pick up the pilot whale again, then a herd will be coming.

On the flight deck, Greeg hovers impatiently behind the navigator as they try to locate the Ghaleen again. The captain is furious when Stennar reports that the saboteurs have survived the production line. The Doctor is brought in. As he begins to speak, Greeg lashes out, knocking him to the floor. The Doctor protests that it was simply an accident caused by his navigation systems. Stennar asks that he be allowed to deal with the situation. The navigator tells the captain that he has relocated the pilot. Excited and distracted, Greeg agrees to Stennar's request.

Ignoring Nyssa's protests, Tegan leaves the TARDIS to look for the Doctor.

Manus removes the inspection hatch from the pipe and with blaster and torch in hand, climbs into it. He crawls warily along and suddenly hears the scratching noise again. Panicking and firing his blaster, he backs away as something rushes along the pipeline, overwhelming him.



Tegan hears the scream from the open pipe and backs away fearfully. Turning to run, she finds herself face-to-face with one of the crewmen.

Stennar tells the Doctor that it isn't company policy to prosecute conservationists – they are regarded as misguided idealists rather than criminals. The Doctor is appalled that such a unique species is being brought to the point of extinction but Stennar argues that the colony planets need food. The navigator reports that the Ghaleen has begun to weave in a helical pattern – it's obviously sensed them. Greeg orders the use of neuron torpedoes.

Tegan is surprised to find that the crewman is actually a woman; the stowaway, Rina. She tells Tegan that there is evil on the ship – something terrible is going to happen. Tegan tells Rina that she must continue looking for the Doctor. Rina leaves to find Tegan one of the crew's uniforms.

As they close in on the Ghaleen, Stennar explains that their torpedoes home in on its neural impulses. "Death is instant. Product loss minimal. Everything will be used."

"Everything but the song," the Doctor laments.

Pacing up and down the captain's cabin where Rina has left her, Tegan fails to notice that the screws securing the floor grille are slowly turning . . .

Feigning illness, the Doctor staggers to the console, grabs a wrench and is about to smash the instruments when Greeg covers him with a blaster.

The floor grille is slowly slid to one side. Tegan screams, horrified as an alien claw emerges.

Seemingly defeated, the Doctor lowers the wrench. Still pointing the blaster, Greeg commands Gunner to fire the torpedoes. The Doctor suddenly pushes Stennar away and swings the wrench down onto the console. Greeg fires and the Doctor collapses to the floor . . .

Part Two

(Based on a rehearsal script dated 21st February 1982)

The Doctor is stunned but the blow has done its work; the weapon systems are disabled.

The chief engineer and a crewman, Jackson, haul Manus' corpse out of the pipeline. His face is a mask of horror and he has a livid scar running across his throat.

In the captain's cabin, the claw grasps Tegan's ankle. Hearing her screams, the chief grabs Manus' blaster and he and Jackson burst into the room. "Tuthon!" shouts the chief, recognising the creature. The alien releases Tegan and vanishes back into the pipeline, the chief firing blindly after it.

A stretcher party removes the Doctor. The navigator reports that repairs to the ship will take at least three hours. Stennar informs Greeg that the chief has found Manus' body. He is convinced a Tuthon killed him.

As the chief talks on the communicator, venom injected from the creature's claw begins to take its effect on Tegan.

Stennar is amazed that there could be a Tuthon on board but is intrigued that Greeg doesn't show much surprise.

Rina makes her way back with a spare uniform and stumbles into the chief, Jackson and Tegan, who is now shaking uncontrollably. The chief, believing Rina to be one of the crew, orders her to stay with Manus' body until he returns.

In the medical room, the Doctor starts to recover. He is shocked at Tegan's condition as she is brought in. Both the chief and the medic are doubtful that they can cure her.

In the TARDIS, Nyssa has finished her repair work. She paces anxiously.

A cell-modifier is placed over the unconscious Tegan in the hope that it will break down the venom's molecular structure. The chief explains to the Doctor that the Tuthons are alien whale hunters from the planet Ziphius, used as trackers in the early days due to their special powers.

After examining Manus' body, Stennar orders Rina and Jackson to take it to the cold store. If the creature is still in the pipe, they can use the vacuum system and suck it straight into the vats . . .

Inside the whale, two men, Stafel and Turlough, are digging out loose ice with their hands. Stafel locates a buried oil lamp and lights it. Turlough apologises for losing his temper. Four months trapped inside the whale have begun to get to him. Stafel suggests that they get back to the village but as they turn a corner they find their way blocked by ice boulders.

The Doctor asks Greeg how the Tuthon could be on the ship in the first place, but he receives no answer. He is dismayed to learn that

once the weapons systems are back on line the Orkas will have both the pilot and the following helpless pod: a thousand whales.

The suction system is switched on. In the pipe, the Tuthon begins to get sucked along. Jamming its body across the pipe, it lets out a high-pitched wail.

In the whale, Stafel and Turlough dig away at the ice blockage. Turlough is convinced that it could only be the result of a tractor beam from a whaling ship. If he's right, it will be back and they will all die.

The 'village' is situated within a large, dripping 'hall' deep within the whale. An amber light emanates from large barnacles encrusting the inner walls. The village is constructed from various pieces of space debris gleaned from the wrecks which have washed up inside the whale. The quake caused by the whaler's tractor beam has badly damaged the village.

Waldron, the benign but indecisive leader of the colony, and his wife Kalen rescue Olwin, a young woman trapped in the debris. Kalen asks Waldron if he has checked the Raft-Ship, urging him to think seriously about leaving. Waldron disagrees – they are safe inside the whale and people will be too frightened to depart. In the med-bay, a recovering Tegan tries to tell the Doctor about the stowaway she met and the people inside the whale. The Doctor tells her that she's been dreaming.

In the pipeline, the Tuthon slowly opens a hatch cover. The suction grows in intensity as more air is drawn into the pipe. Above the hatch, Jackson and another crewman nervously point their blasters. The Tuthon suddenly bursts from the pipe. It is a gruesome, menacing figure with long claws, its reddish-veined skin stretched tight over its frame. The large, dark eyes are covered by translucent membranes and tribal scars are cut into its forehead.

While making her way from the TARDIS, Nyssa stumbles over a piece of machinery. The noise catches the guard's attention and he points his blaster at her.

In the corridor, the crewman fires wildly at the Tuthon. With the blockage in the pipe gone, the suction into the ducting increases and the crewman is pulled into the opening. Jackson grapples with the alien. The chief reaches the wall communicator and orders the vacuum to be cut. Stennar backs away from the area as Greeg arrives, clearly shocked.

Nyssa walks along the gallery, escorted by the security guard. Rina appears and shoots him. Informing Nyssa that she knows Tegan, Rina goes off to look at the TARDIS, trying to convince Nyssa that Tegan said it would be all right if she used it. She has to find Turlough . . .

At the village, three rescuers have returned with Stafel and Turlough. Shocked at the devastation, Turlough insists they must use the Raft-Ship before the whaler returns. Waldron argues that they can't use the Raft – several vital components are missing. If the whale is pursued again, it will dive beneath the time surface.

In the med-bay, the Doctor snatches the gas injector from the table and renders the medic unconscious. He tells a half-asleep Tegan that he has to leave her for a while: if he doesn't act, the entire pod will be slaughtered. Opening the door, he sees the guard lying semi-conscious on the ground as the Tuthon staggers down the corridor.

Nyssa is incredulous. Does Rina really expect her to believe that her boyfriend is inside a space whale? Rina insists that it's the truth. Nyssa explains that she can't do anything until the Doctor returns. Rina goes to find him.

Turlough furtively approaches the Raft-Ship. It is a hybrid vessel patched together from numerous wrecks giving it a strange, ill-matched appearance. Stafel enters and Turlough tells him that he's sure he could get it working – he is a star-trucker after all. Turlough convinces him that if the whaler attacks again they will all die, including Stafel's wife, Olwin. Stafel decides they must talk to Waldron. As he turns, Turlough knocks him unconscious and runs back to the Raft.

Rina finds the Doctor and runs after him. Thinking that she's one of the crew, he ducks through a radiation door to find Nyssa on the other side. The Doctor explains that they must take off at once. The TARDIS is jamming the Ghaleen's ability to escape through time. The only way they can help is to eliminate the interference by running the time fields of the TARDIS and the whale in symmetry, and to do that they must land in the organic time core of the Ghaleen. Nyssa tells the Doctor about Rina and her story about the people inside the whale. The Doctor realises that Tegan wasn't dreaming after all.

Rina opens the radiation door and runs towards the TARDIS. Nyssa spots her moving towards them on the scanner, but the Doctor insists that she cannot join them – it's far too dangerous. The TARDIS dematerialises in front of a furious Rina.

The chief fires his blaster and the Tuthon slumps to the ground. Greeg orders its destruction as Stennar arrives. He states that it will be needed alive for the inquiry. Greeg disagrees and is about to fire when the chief sees the tribal scars on its forehead. It is a Caller; a Tuthon leader. Fuming, Greeg states that he will interrogate it personally.

Rina enters the med-lab and tells the woken Tegan that the TARDIS has gone. The pair depart.

In the centre of the Ghaleen's time chamber, a large, pearl-coloured orb rests on an organic pedestal, secured by fibrous stands. The TARDIS materialises and the Doctor and Nyssa emerge and stare in wonder at the orb. "Look at it, Nyssa," says the Doctor. "A miracle of nature. It took the best brains on Gallifrey a millennium to develop time technology. The Ghaleen has succeeded on its own." Nyssa is fearful of some approaching footsteps but the Doctor is fascinated by a thick cable coming out of the chamber floor, wired into the pedestal.

In the security cell, the chief and Greeg question the Tuthon. It looks up and says, "My brother is near." Greeg receives a report informing him that the repairs are complete. They can again pursue the whale. Excited, Greeg and the chief leave. Alone, the creature slowly rises and walks to the cell's glass partition. Suddenly, sensing some change in the situation, the Tuthon bangs his head violently against the glass and cries in anguish, "My brother has gone!"

The Doctor enters the passageway from which the footsteps are heard. He stops, the way blocked by a row of amber stalagmites. In the chamber, the time core suddenly begins to glow violently. Nyssa turns, alarmed as a dazzling light fills the chamber. She cries out to the Doctor as parts of her body begin to fade out of existence. Then she completely vanishes . . .

Part Three

(Based on a scene breakdown dated 10th January 1982)

The Orkas has its target in sight when the whale suddenly disappears.

The Doctor is restrained from going back into the Ghaleen's time chamber by Kalen. When the orb is active, anyone near it will suffer from time narcosis.

Now that the whale has dived under the time surface and is travelling back in time, the instruments are useless. Greeg ponders the possibility of using the old method of tracking. Stennar protests, realising that the captain is considering using the Tuthon.

In the village, Waldron assures the Doctor that Nyssa will stabilise and reappear as soon as the whale rises to the original time point.

In the security cell, Greeg talks alone with Krakos, the Tuthon. The two are actually uneasy allies. Krakos is desperate to obtain the time orb from the whale and has bribed Greeg to help him. Greeg handcuffs the Tuthon and leads him from the cell.

Hiding in a cabin, Rina tells Tegan that she is sure the ship will catch the whale this time. Tegan agrees to help Rina stop the slaughter.

Greeg enters the flight deck with Krakos, telling Stennar that he has forced the Tuthon to help. He is a Caller, one who can sense the Ghaleen even below the time surface.

In the time chamber, Nyssa reappears and begins to search for the Doctor.

Krakos is successful. He can sense his "Friend from the Stars". He tells the navigator to alter course.

Observing Waldron's instruments, the Doctor notices that the whale is rising and then diving again. The pilot is probing the future . . .

The Ghaleen oscillates in time, afraid to return to the surface. The Doctor realises that the whalers know its position. The only chance is for the whale to dive deeper, but Kalen says that at great depths the time narcosis can spread to the village. To prevent this happening, the castaways have siphoned off power for the Raft-Ship. The Doctor is horrified. They're crippling the Ghaleen! He immediately cuts the power tap.

Diving deeper, Krakos loses contact with the whale. He orders the ship to circle the area.

Turlough is making his examination of the Raft-Ship when Nyssa enters. She is suspicious of him but agrees that the Raft-Ship could work. Turlough has realised the truth – the Raft has been ready for years. They head for the village.

As they arrive, the narcosis spreads into the village. Waldron is too old and cannot resist the effects. Kalen orders the Doctor to be restrained and reconnects the power tap.

The Ghaleen is forced to head back towards the time surface. Krakos senses his prey.

Turlough is furious about his discovery aboard the Raft-Ship. Waldron protests that inside the whale they were safe. Suddenly, there is chaos as the Orkas' tractor beam locks onto the whale again.

Tegan and Rina reach a radiation door leading into the ship's termination bay but cannot open it. Jackson enters and Tegan tricks him into opening it for them. The whale is brought into the bay.

A song of terror from the whale echoes around the village as the storm continues. The Raft-Ship is destroyed. The only other way out is through the ice-shaft – the whale's respiratory system – but that passage is sealed when it's in space.

In the termination bay, Rina activates the manual over-rides.

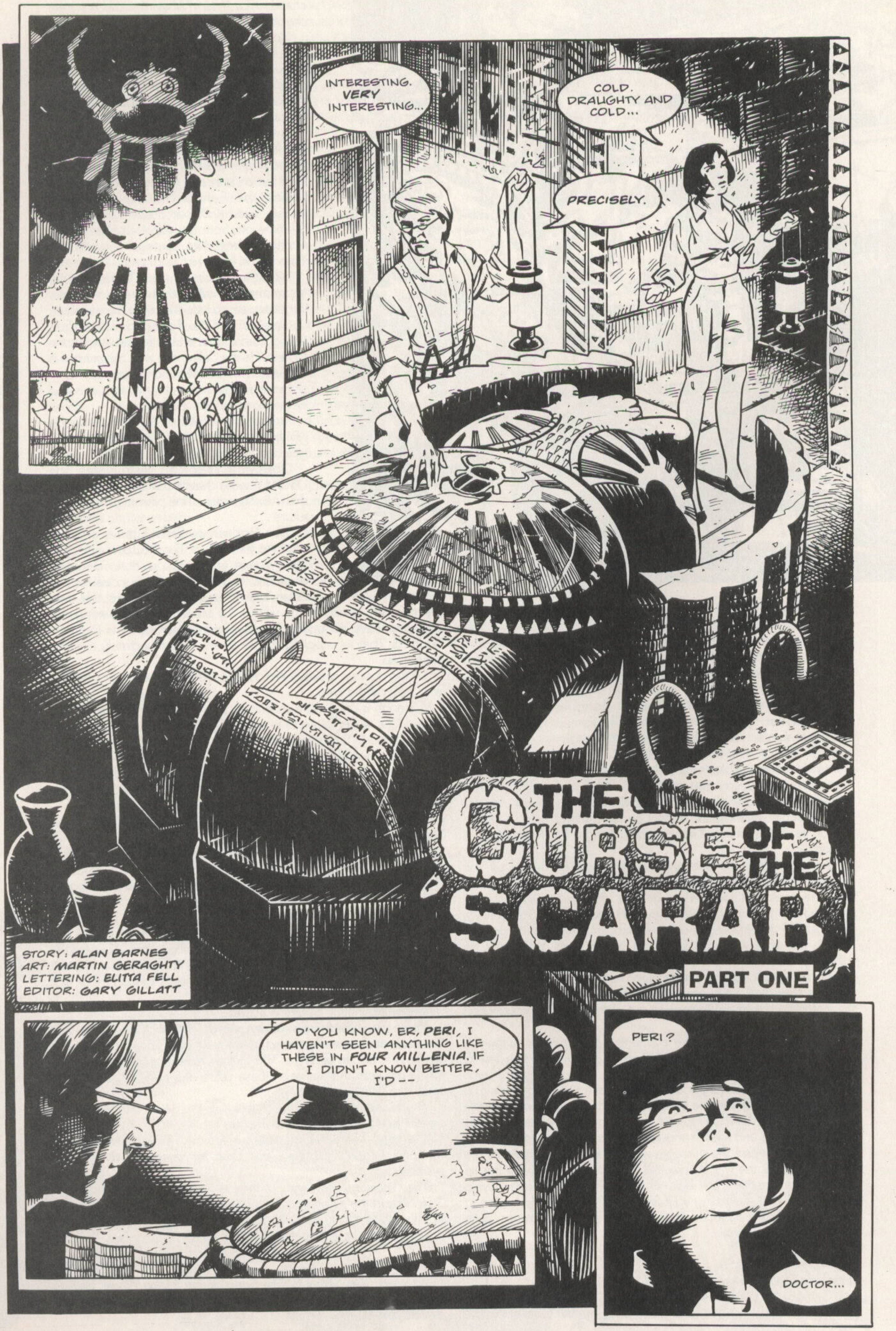
Inside the whale there is sudden silence. The Doctor tells them that the respiratory system, closed in space, might open now that the whale is in an atmosphere. The Doctor rallies the castaways – the whale has kept them alive all these years, and now it's their turn to repay the favour.

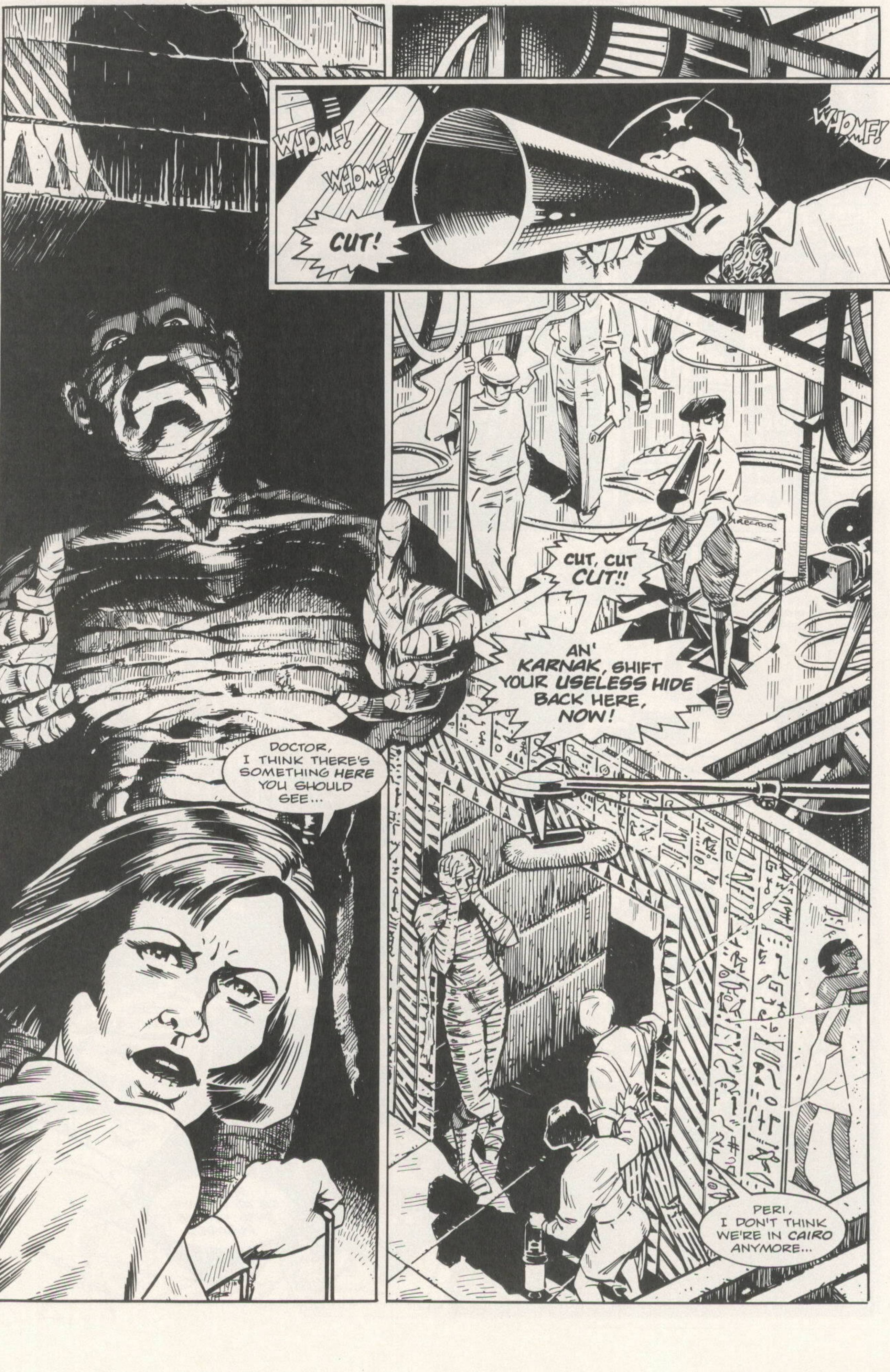
The village is empty. Waldron tells Kalen to go on without him. He cannot leave. He will stay with the whale.

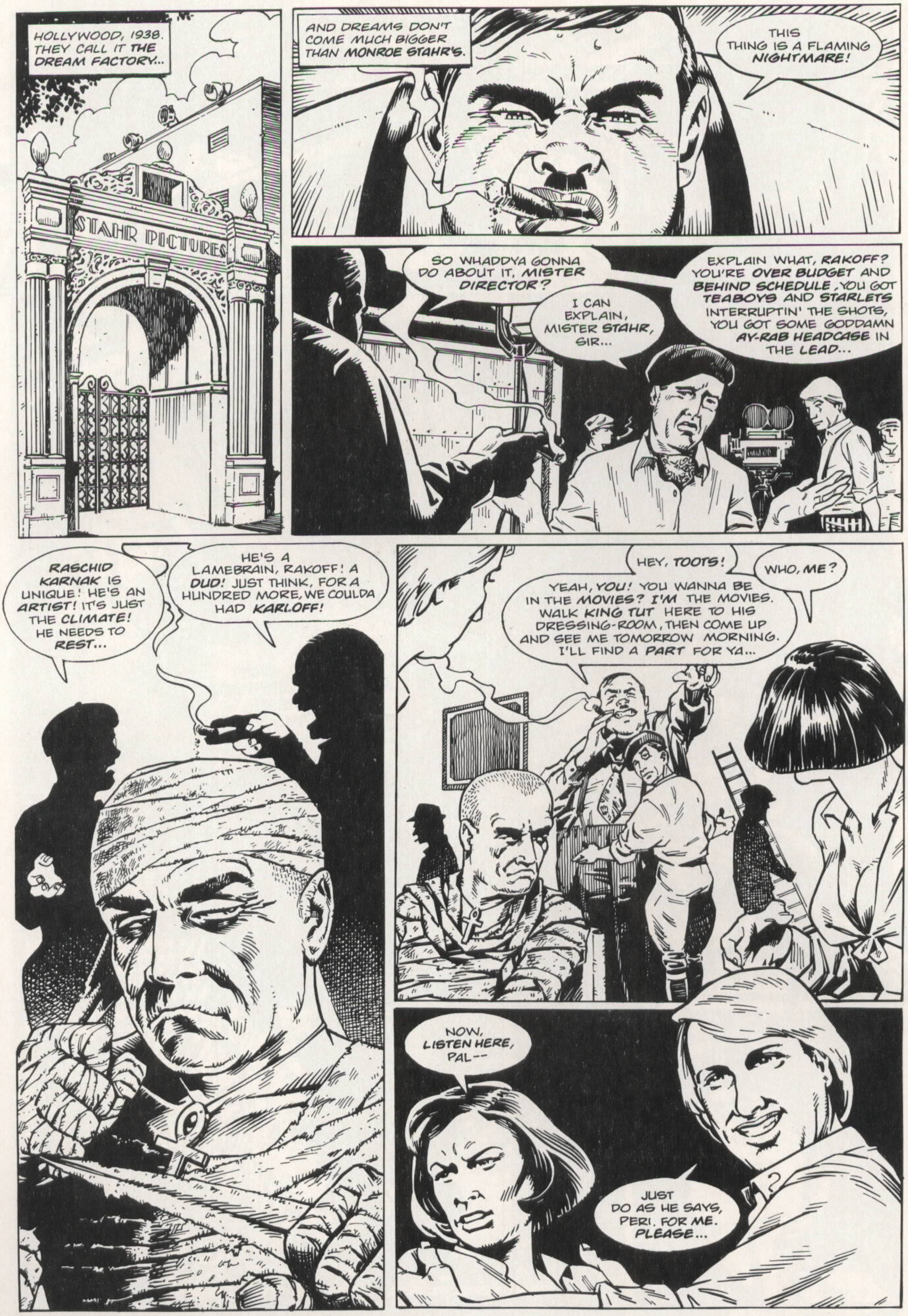
The chief and some crewmen enter the bay in radiation suits. Ignoring Tegan's protests, the chief activates the termination systems.

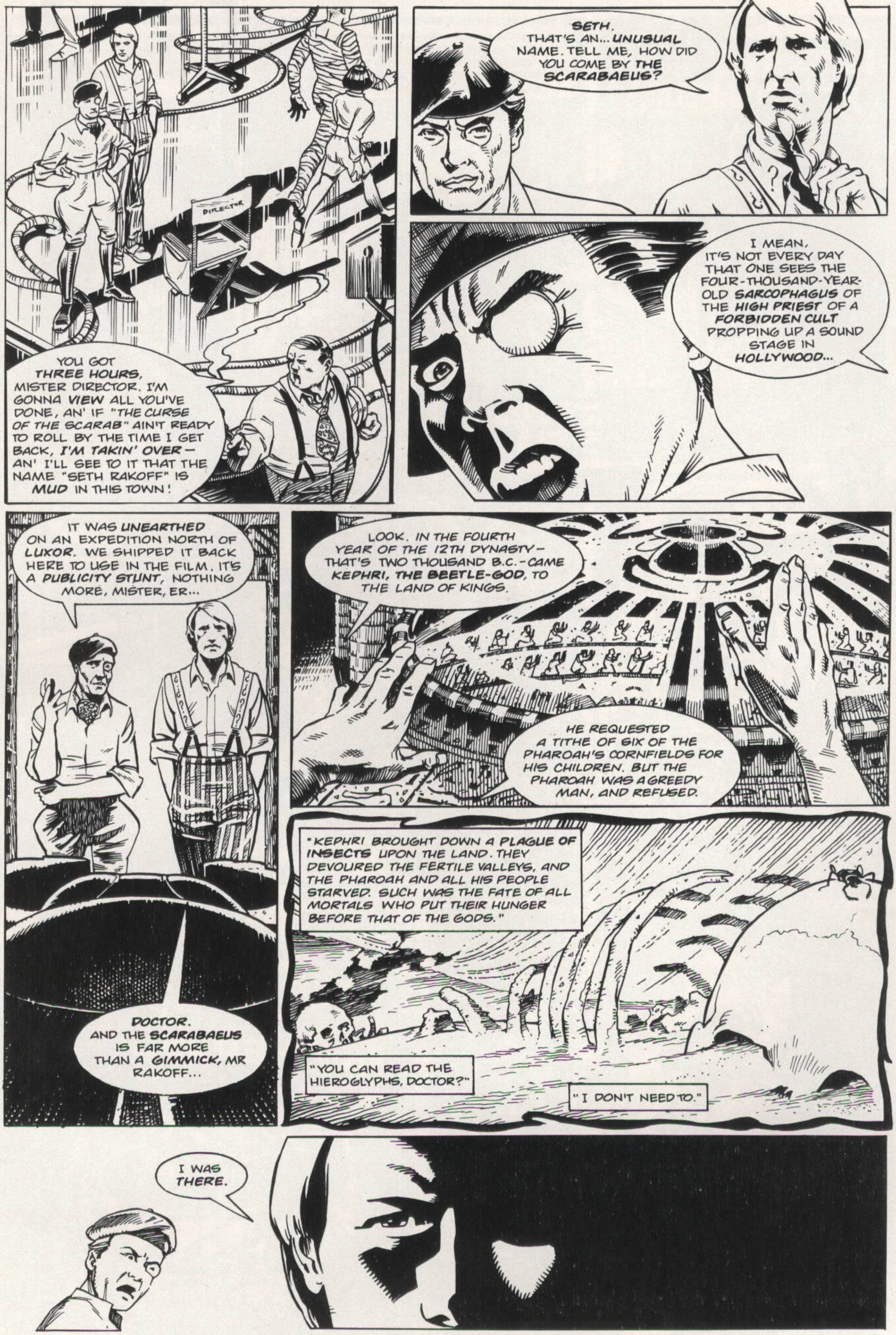
The castaways take flight up the ice-shaft, led by the Doctor and Turlough. In the rush, Nyssa is pushed to one side and left behind. But the ice-shaft is blocked. Suddenly the muscle walls contract inwards, crushing the Doctor and Turlough . . .

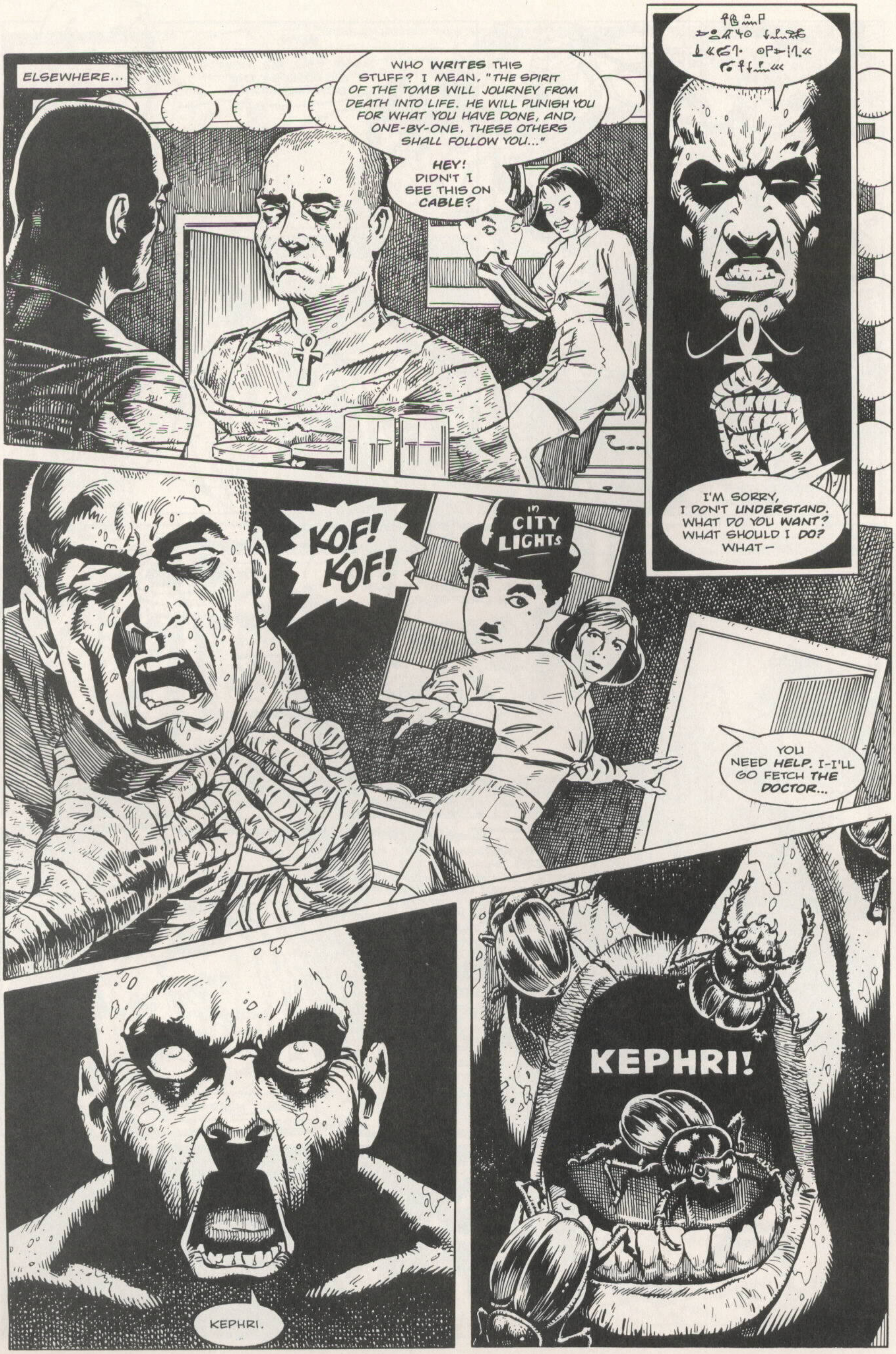
Next Issue: The climax to *The Song of the Space Whale*, and an in-depth interview with Pat Mills concerning the story's troubled development.

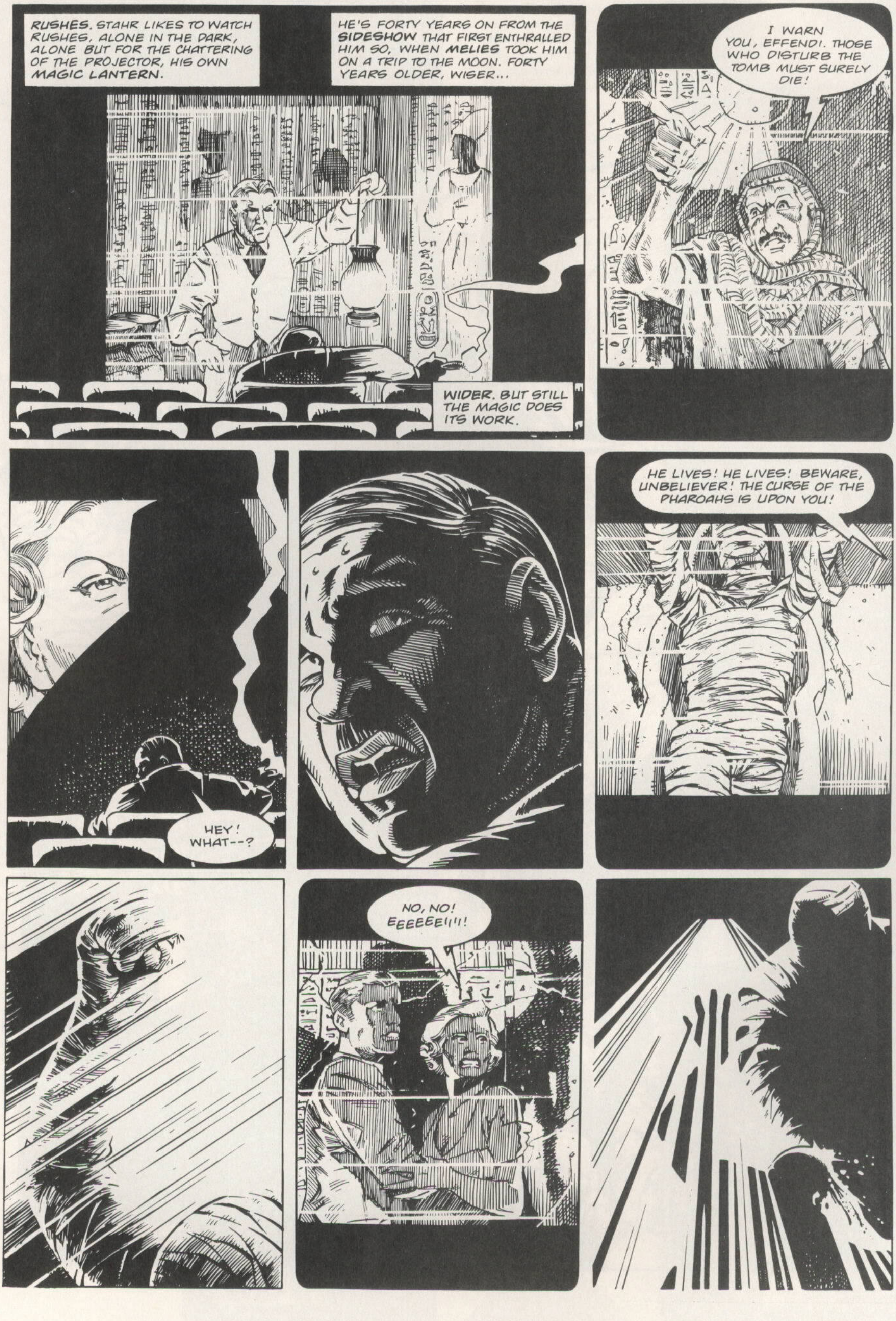

VWORP
VWORP
INTERESTING. VERY INTERESTING...
COLD. DRAUGHTY AND COLD...
PRECISELY.
THE CURSE OF THE SCARAB
PART ONE
STORY: ALAN BARNES
ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITOR: GARY GILLATT
D'YOU KNOW, ER, PERI, I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THESE IN FOUR MILLENIA. IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D --
PERI?
DOCTOR...

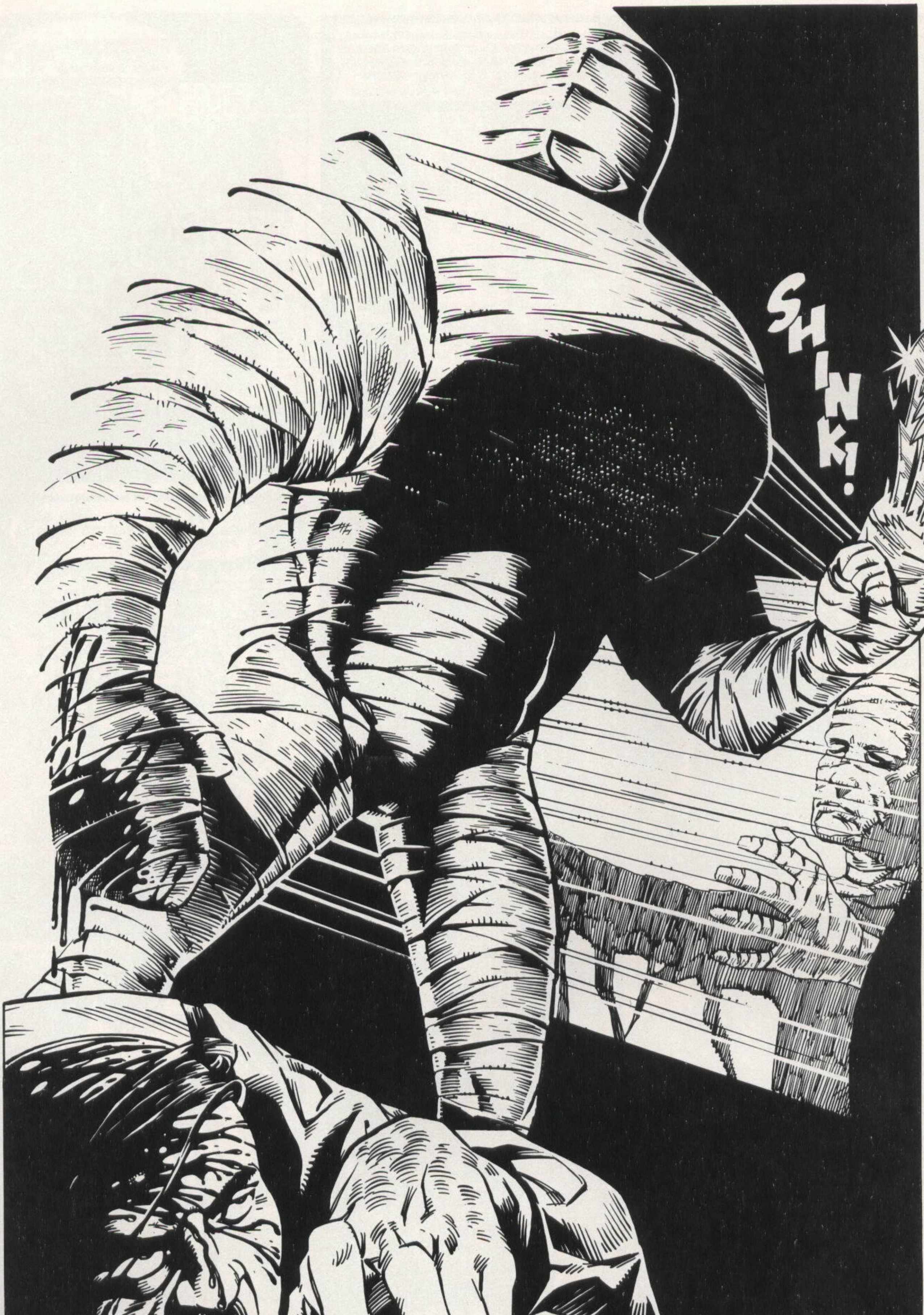

WHOMF!
WHOMF!
WHOMF!
CUT!
DOCTOR, I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING HERE YOU SHOULD SEE...
DIRECTOR
CUT, CUT CUT!!
AN' KARNAK, SHIFT YOUR USELESS HIDE BACK HERE, NOW!
PERI, I DON'T THINK WE'RE IN CAIRO ANYMORE...

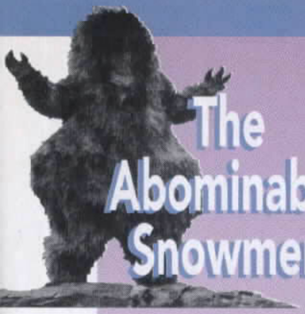

HOLLYWOOD, 1938. THEY CALL IT THE DREAM FACTORY...
STAHR PICTURES
AND DREAMS DON'T COME MUCH BIGGER THAN MONROE STAHR'S.
THIS THING IS A FLAMING NIGHTMARE!
SO WHADDYA GONNA DO ABOUT IT, MISTER DIRECTOR?
I CAN EXPLAIN, MISTER STAHR, SIR...
EXPLAIN WHAT, RAKOFF? YOU'RE OVER BUDGET AND BEHIND SCHEDULE, YOU GOT TEABOYS AND STARLETS INTERRUPTIN' THE SHOTS, YOU GOT SOME GODDAMN AY-RAB HEADCASE IN THE LEAD...
RASCHID KARNAK IS UNIQUE! HE'S AN ARTIST! IT'S JUST THE CLIMATE! HE NEEDS TO REST...
HE'S A LAMEBRAIN, RAKOFF! A DUD! JUST THINK, FOR A HUNDRED MORE, WE COULDA HAD KARLOFF!
HEY, TOOTS!
WHO, ME?
YEAH, YOU! YOU WANNA BE IN THE MOVIES? I'M THE MOVIES. WALK KING TUT HERE TO HIS DRESSING-ROOM, THEN COME UP AND SEE ME TOMORROW MORNING. I'LL FIND A PART FOR YA...
NOW, LISTEN HERE, PAL--
JUST DO AS HE SAYS, PERI. FOR ME. PLEASE...


YOU GOT **THREE HOURS**, MISTER DIRECTOR. I'M GONNA **VIEW** ALL YOU'VE DONE, AN' IF "THE CURSE OF THE SCARAB" AIN'T READY TO ROLL BY THE TIME I GET BACK, ***I'M TAKIN' OVER*** – AN' I'LL SEE TO IT THAT THE NAME "SETH RAKOFF" IS **MUD** IN THIS TOWN!
DIRECTOR
SETH. THAT'S AN... **UNUSUAL** NAME. TELL ME, HOW DID YOU COME BY **THE SCARABAEUS?**
I MEAN, IT'S NOT EVERY DAY THAT ONE SEES THE FOUR-THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD **SARCOPHAGUS** OF THE **HIGH PRIEST** OF A **FORBIDDEN CULT** PROPPING UP A SOUND STAGE IN **HOLLYWOOD...**
IT WAS **UNEARTHED** ON AN EXPEDITION NORTH OF **LUXOR**. WE SHIPPED IT BACK HERE TO USE IN THE FILM. IT'S A **PUBLICITY STUNT**, NOTHING MORE, MISTER, ER...
LOOK. IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE 12TH DYNASTY – THAT'S TWO THOUSAND B.C. – CAME **KEPHRI, THE BEETLE-GOD**, TO THE LAND OF KINGS.
HE REQUESTED A TITHE OF SIX OF THE PHAROAH'S CORNFIELDS FOR HIS CHILDREN. BUT THE PHAROAH WAS A GREEDY MAN, AND REFUSED.
DOCTOR. AND THE **SCARABAEUS** IS FAR MORE THAN A **GIMMICK**, MR RAKOFF...
"KEPHRI BROUGHT DOWN A **PLAGUE OF INSECTS** UPON THE LAND. THEY DEVOURED THE FERTILE VALLEYS, AND THE PHAROAH AND ALL HIS PEOPLE STARVED. SUCH WAS THE FATE OF ALL MORTALS WHO PUT THEIR HUNGER BEFORE THAT OF THE GODS."
"YOU CAN READ THE HIEROGLYPHS, DOCTOR?"
"I DON'T NEED TO."
I WAS ***THERE***.


ELSEWHERE...
WHO WRITES THIS STUFF? I MEAN, "THE SPIRIT OF THE TOMB WILL JOURNEY FROM DEATH INTO LIFE. HE WILL PUNISH YOU FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, AND, ONE-BY-ONE, THESE OTHERS SHALL FOLLOW YOU..."
HEY! DIDN'T I SEE THIS ON CABLE?
I'M SORRY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT SHOULD I DO? WHAT—
KOF! KOF!
IN CITY LIGHTS
YOU NEED HELP. I-I'LL GO FETCH THE DOCTOR...
KEPHRI.
KEPHRI!


RUSHES. STAHR LIKES TO WATCH RUSHES, ALONE IN THE DARK, ALONE BUT FOR THE CHATTERING OF THE PROJECTOR, HIS OWN MAGIC LANTERN.
HE'S FORTY YEARS ON FROM THE SIDESHOW THAT FIRST ENTHRALLED HIM SO, WHEN MELIES TOOK HIM ON A TRIP TO THE MOON. FORTY YEARS OLDER, WISER...
WIDER. BUT STILL THE MAGIC DOES ITS WORK.
I WARN YOU, EFFENDI. THOSE WHO DISTURB THE TOMB MUST SURELY DIE!
HEY! WHAT--?
HE LIVES! HE LIVES! BEWARE, UNBELIEVER! THE CURSE OF THE PHAROAHS IS UPON YOU!
NO, NO! EEEEEE!!!!!


SHINK!
TO BE CONTINUED...



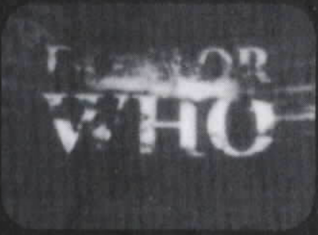
The Abominable Snowmen

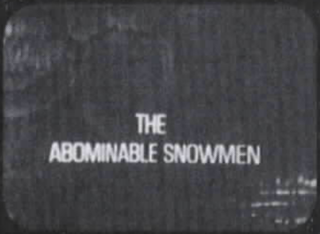
Episode Five

by
Mervyn Haisman
& Henry Lincoln

directed by
Gerald Blake

transmitted
28th October 1967





EPISODE FIVE

"Come in, my child," a disembodied voice calls to Victoria. She cautiously enters the inner sanctum. A veiled curtain at the rear of the room pulls back to reveal the aged face of Padmasambhava."You have no alternative," he slowly states.

Victoria says she has come to seek his help. He acknowledges this but instructs her to be silent. Turning to the board he states, "I must do what I am compelled to do," and positions the model Yeti close to the monastery.

"Come closer," he invites the curious girl. "Look."

"It's one of those horrible creatures," she says with disgust. "Indeed," he replies. "But you have not seen it," he adds firmly and places Victoria into a trance. He slowly moves the figures again, this time placing them inside the monastery.

As he does this, a group of Yeti descends from the mountains and enters the deserted courtyard.

Once inside, the Yeti split up and head for different parts of the monastery.

Travers awakens in a panic-stricken state but the Doctor soon manages to calm him. "What happened?" the Doctor asks. "Where did you go to?"

The disturbed explorer mumbles about a blinding white light and hearing a noise that filled his head. He cannot remember anything more than this.

Thonmi asks Travers about the pyramid he mentioned but he has no recollection of it. The Doctor urges Travers to rest but the Englishman suddenly remembers a feeling of evil. "Like a shadow on my mind," he explains. "I felt as if I was going to drown."

Hearing a noise outside, Jamie goes to investigate and is confronted by Rinchen. The monk informs him that the Yeti have broken in and, still believing Victoria is responsible, states she must be found. The Doctor consults his tracking device.

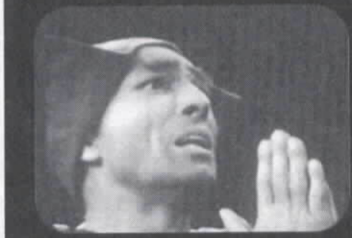
Khrisong apologises to Songsten for disobeying him and pledges to defend the Abbot with his own life. Songsten states that that is his destiny.

Khrisong is angered to hear that Rinchen refused to take safety with the others and is still searching for the girl. A monk reports that the Yeti are now turning back. Khrisong goes to look for Rinchen.

Returning to the courtyard, the Yeti continue their wanton destruction of the monastery.

"Stop, stop!" cries Rinchen, confronting the Yeti.

"She-devil, wherever you are," he cries, "call off these monsters!" The robots ignore the monk and use their immense strength to topple the Buddha statue over, crushing Rinchen. The last two Yeti slowly leave the monastery and return to the mountains.



Entering the courtyard, Khrisong rushes to help Rinchen. "He's dead," the warrior pronounces. "The monastery of Detsen is accursed."

"Now the monks will leave," Padmasambhava states as he removes the models. "By nightfall the monastery will be empty — the mountain yours." He asks the Great Intelligence for its final command. He then turns his attention to his young guest.

He tells Victoria she will assist him in making sure the Doctor leaves monastery. "Come closer," he commands, "This is what you will do."

Plotting his readings on a map, the Doctor tells Thonmi that he only needs to take one more to pinpoint the source. Travers awakens with a large headache but still no recollection of what happened to him.

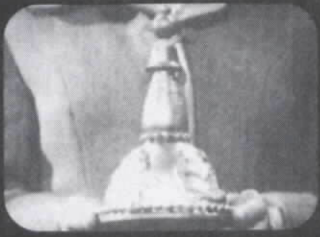
Songsten consoles Khrisong, telling him that there was nothing he could have done to save Rinchen. The Abbot orders two monks to take up the body – they will take their dead brother with them.

The Abbot instructs the monks to gather what is needed; they and the strangers will leave after meditation. Khrisong asks if Padmasambhava will be accompanying them. "His powers are great," the Abbot answers. "He will remain."

Their conversation is cut short as Victoria slowly emerges from the cloisters bearing the holy ghanta.

With a glazed expression, Victoria opens her mouth to speak. However, it is Padmasambhava's voice that is heard. "This is a time of much danger," the master declares.

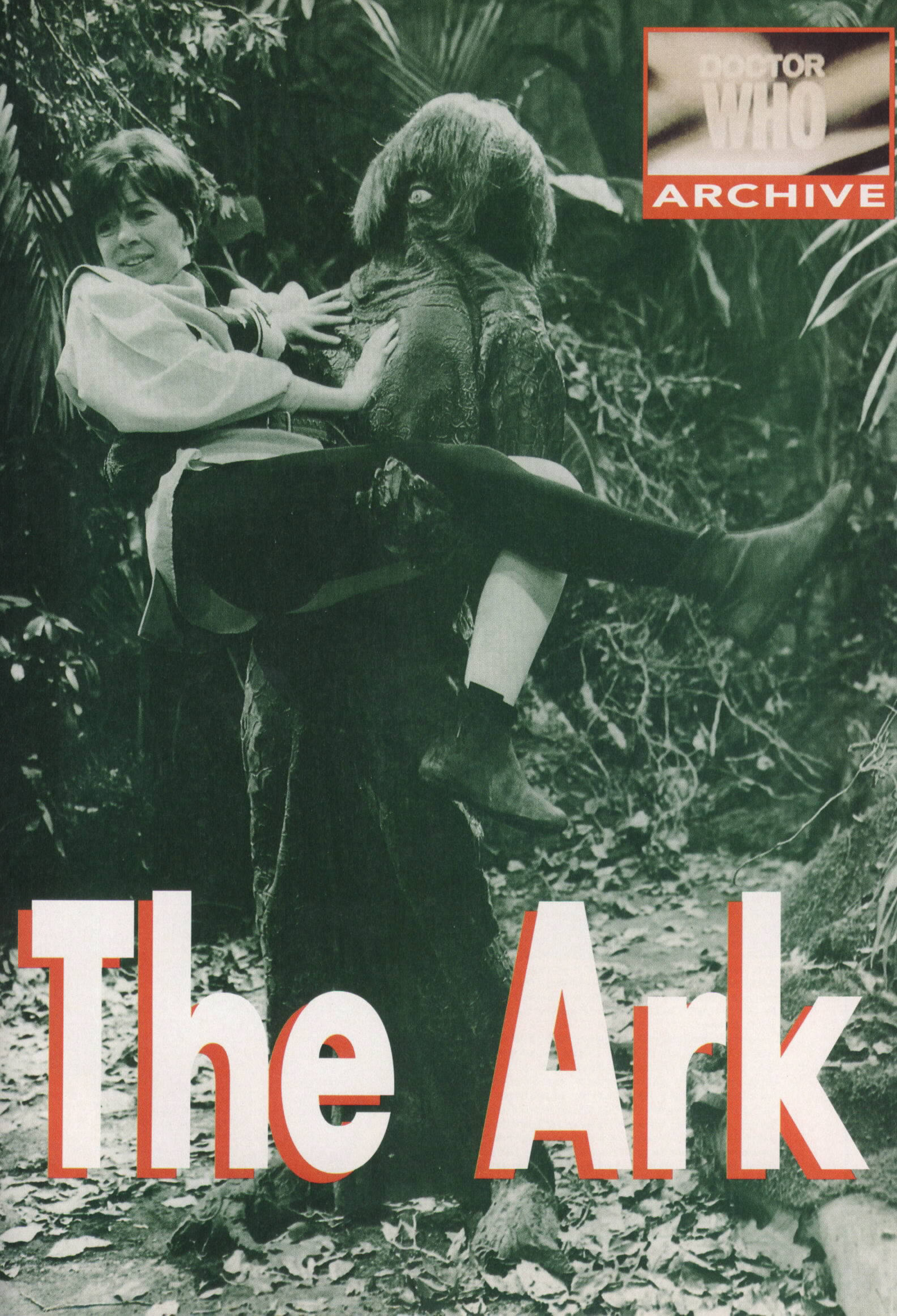
Hearing Padmasambhava's voice, Songsten tells the monks to drop to their knees in prayer.



"I have chosen to speak to you myself through the lips of this maiden," he states. "She bares the holy ghanta. Bare it away to safe-keeping." He tells the monks that the strangers are totally without blame and must be treated with kindness.

As Sapan asks if they will ever return, Victoria suddenly collapses. Songsten orders the monks to care for her and orders Ralpachan to release the other strangers. As a gong rings out across the courtyard, the monks prepare to meditate for the last time.

The Doctor and Jamie become aware that there is something wrong with Victoria. Every time she hears the Doctor's voice she repeats that there is great danger and begs to be taken away. Khrisong explains how the master spoke through her.



The Ark

SYNOPSIS

THE STEEL SKY (dm: 24'00")

The TARDIS lands in a jungle, which moments beforehand had been stalked by a one-eyed reptile man. Dodo emerges, believing they are at Whipsnade Zoo despite Steven's insistence that the TARDIS has left Earth. The Doctor tells his two companions that all the flora and fauna around them is native to Earth. However, they see an Indian elephant alongside African birds and Brazilian snakes. The Doctor then sees that the sky over the jungle is an expanse of metal. The party is spotted by another reptile man.

In a huge control room, the Commander passes sentence on a Guardian, one of a group of humans present along with the mute reptile men, the Monoids, with whom the humans communicate via sign language. The Guardian, whose carelessness could have caused a fatal accident, is sentenced to miniaturisation and will be held on a microcell, to be reconstituted in seven hundred years' time. The Monoids report intruders in the forest, and it is decided that they should be brought in for questioning. The Doctor and his friends puzzle over whether Earth has been invaded, and hide from the Monoids, with Dodo's cold almost causing her to sneeze and give them away.

Eventually the group is brought before the Commander, who explains that they are on board a huge spaceship heading for Refusis II, a new planet where humanity can begin again. Earth is dying and falling towards the sun, so the majority of the populace has been miniaturised. The journey to the compatible planet will take seven hundred years. The Monoids arrived on Earth years ago from their own dying world, and are generally treated as servants. It is now the fifty-seventh segment of time, ten million years beyond the time of Nero, the Trojan Wars and the Daleks. Dodo likens the ship to Noah's Ark, and she and Steven are shown a huge statue which will take seven hundred years to build, and will form the figure of a man.

Suddenly a disease hits the Monoids, and also weakens the Commander. A Guardian, Zentos, is wary of the intruders, believing them to be Refusian saboteurs, He says the travellers must have brought the plague. Zentos has them imprisoned, under Galactic Law, and assumes command to protect their mission...

THE PLAGUE (dm: 25'00")

The Monoids have little resistance to Dodo's cold virus, and many die. Since colds are a thing of the past, the spaceship's microvirologists are helpless. Zentos decides that the prisoners will stand trial, with Baccu as prosecutor. Mellium, the Commander's daughter, and Manyak agree to act as defence. Steven is taken from the cell to a cage on the main deck where the trial is to be held. Manyak has almost convinced the Guardians to allow the Doctor to search for a cure, when Baccu announces the news that a Guardian has died. Zentos passes sentence of expulsion into space, and Steven collapses - a victim of the fever himself. From his sickbed, the Commander now speaks out, and orders that the Doctor be allowed to research for a cure, using Steven as a guinea pig.

The Doctor sets to work with the help of Mellium, the microvirologists and a Monoid, who he realises is very intelligent. Using chemicals from the TARDIS and animal membranes from the jungle, he creates a vaccine and uses it to cure Steven, and then to treat the Commander and the other stricken Guardians. The fever is conquered, and Zentos admits that he has misjudged the travellers. A Monoid drives the trio back to the TARDIS in the jungle area, and they dematerialise.

The TARDIS then reappears in the same jungle, and the travellers set off to find Mellium and their friends. But the control room is derelict, and the huge statue is now finished. It has the head of a Monoid ...

THE RETURN (dm: 24'19")

It is soon clear that seven hundred years have passed and that the Monoids are now in command, with the Guardians' descendants as their servants. The group is confronted by the Monoids, who can now speak using artificial voice boxes. They keep the Guardians in line with their heat prods, and are identified by numbers. "1" is running the vessel, which is now called the Ark. It transpires that the Doctor failed to cure the fever totally and it sapped the humans' strength, allowing the Monoids to revolt successfully. The travellers are sent to the Security Kitchens where the Guardians prepare food for the Monoids. Here they meet Dassuk and Venussa.

"1" holds a meeting of the Grand Council and announces that the Monoids will have Refusis for themselves, destroying the Guardians. An advance party is to be sent down led by "2", taking the Doctor, Dodo and Yendom (one of the Subject Guardians, who collaborate with the Monoids) with him. The group leaves in Launcher 14 and arrives in the jungles of Refusis. The planet seems devoid of the life indicated in the audio space researches, but an invisible force soon enters the empty auncher. Finding a house, "2" calls out to the Refusians to show themselves, and is overpowered by the huge invisible creature. "2" and Yendom dash to the launcher to warn "1", but when Yendom realises the Monoids intend to kill the humans, "2" kills him.

Another Subject Guardian, Maharis, overhears "1" telling "3" that there is a bomb hidden on the Ark. Meanwhile, the invisible Refusian tells the Doctor and Dodo that the humans are welcome, provided they do not fight. He attacks the launcher in which "2" is trying to leave, and it explodes. The Doctor and Dodo are stranded on Refusis ...

THE BOMB (dm: 24'37")

On the Ark, the Monoids plan their evacuation, but "4" questions "1"'s wisdom in heading down to Refusis when contact has been lost with "2". The microcells of Monoids are loaded, whilst Steven, Dassuk and Venussa succesfully manage to escape the Security Kitchen with the unwitting help of Maharis. The Monoids depart in the launchers, with the bomb due to go off in twelve hours.

The launchers arrive on Refusis, and the Doctor suggests that the Refusian takes one to travel up to the Ark and help the Guardians. The Doctor and Dodo are captured by the Monoids, and in the confrontation between "1" and "4" they learn that the bomb is in the head of the statue. The Refusian reaches the Ark to help in the search, while Dassuk and two Guardians travel down to Refusis where the Monoids are now engaged in a gun battle amongst themselves. They release the Doctor and Dodo, and the Doctor tells Steven over the launcher's intercom where the bomb is. The massive strength of the Refusian allows the heavy statue to be loaded into the launcher bay and ejected into space, seconds before it explodes.

The Refusian reiterates its offer of hospitality if the humans and Monoids will now live peacefully together. The Doctor, Dodo and Steven return to the TARDIS and dematerialise. Some time afterwards in the TARDIS control room, the Doctor suddenly becomes invisible. Dodo's suspicion that this is the work of the Refusians is dismissed by the Doctor: "This is some form of attack!"

PRODUCTION

It was producer John Wiles who came up with the idea of setting a *Doctor Who* adventure on a spaceship as large as South London - a scale so large that cars or bicycles would be needed to travel around it. Coupling this with the science-fiction image of forests floating in the air, he developed the notion of a massive space ark which he discussed with story editor Donald Tosh soon after his arrival on the series in May 1965. Tosh contacted scriptwriter Paul Erickson, with whom he had worked on the BBC soap opera *Compact*. Between them they developed a storyline, on the strength of which Erickson was commissioned by Tosh on Thursday 27th May for a four-part story initially assigned as Serial Y.

Erickson was born in Cardiff in November 1920, but had grown up in San Diego, California. Returning to the UK at the age of eighteen, he served in the RAF before becoming an actor. After a spell as an administrator with a dance company in the early Fifties, Erickson turned to writing, his credits including the films *3 Steps to the Gallows* (in which he also appeared), *The Gilded Cage, Find the Lady, Kill Her Gently, Night of the Prowler* and *The Marked One*. By the early Sixties, he was also writing scripts for series such as *Emergency Ward 10, Crossroads, The Saint* and *No Hiding Place*. In 1965, he adapted William Tenn's science-fiction story *Time in Advance* as an episode of the BBC anthology *Out of the Unknown*.

On Saturday 4th June, Erickson was informed that due to the restructuring of the third recording block around a twelve-part Dalek story, his serial would now be Serial X, but would retain the same production dates. Thursday 9th June saw Erickson's agents asking for clarification of the terms under which the scripts were being written, stipulating that Erickson would not work on further episodes unless those already submitted had been accepted.

The draft scripts of the first two episodes for the serial, *The Ark*, were excessively complex and needed rewriting by Tosh, who discussed them with Erickson and Wiles on Tuesday 7th September, requesting that the writer made several revisions. The revised versions of these, along with the third and fourth scripts, were delivered together on Thursday 18th November.

By late 1965, Wiles was very unhappy with his position as a deskbound producer, seeing himself far more as an active and creative writer or director. In addition to coping with the production of *The Daleks' Master Plan*, he had also experienced problems working with the show's star, William Hartnell. Upset by the departure of the original production team, Hartnell had in Wiles' eyes become increasingly temperamental during the Autumn. He had a habit of superseding Wiles' authority by making direct approaches to Head of Serials, Gerald Savory, who gave his support to Hartnell. Wiles was aware that audience research indicated a high proportion of viewers were adults. As a result he was keen to offer more challenging storylines and different ideas, some of which Hartnell had disagreed with. As a result of the pressure, Wiles decided that he no longer wished to work on the series.

Wiles resigned in early January 1966, and Tosh soon followed him, handing over to Gerry Davis during *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* (the story before *The Ark*). During his last weeks at the BBC, Tosh accepted Erickson's scripts on Tuesday 4th January, 1966.

On Thursday 20th January, Erickson's agent asked the BBC to amend the writer credit from being solely Erickson to a co-credit between Erickson and his wife Lesley Scott, although most documentation does not bear her name. The script copyright, established in 1966, attributes the scripts solely to Erickson.

The director of the serial was Michael Imision, a university graduate who had joined the BBC on an administrative training course, but who moved to the Drama Department in 1961. There he worked as a story editor on programmes such as *Compact* before deciding to take the BBC's internal directors' course. Becoming a staff director he worked on a series of poetry programmes, series like *Swizzlewick*, and then directed an adaption of *Buddenbrooks* for BBC2 in the Autumn of 1965. Aiming to expand his career, he was initially unimpressed by his assignment to *Doctor Who*. As it turned out, *The Ark* was to be challenging and very expensive, meaning that savings had to be made on the subsequent serial *The Celestial Toymaker*. Imison was determined to make the story impressive and came up with very complex camera scripts.

ASSEMBLING THE CREW

The designer was Barry Newbery, who had recently worked on episodes of *The Daleks' Master Plan*. Sonia Markham continued as the make-up supervisor (her post on most serials since *The Reign of Terror*), whilst costume design remained the responsibility of Daphne Dare.

Documentation for *The Steel Sky* indicates that a recorded insert was taped on Monday 24th January, 1966 (at which time *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* was in rehearsals for its second episode) - although it is likely that this was a special photocall for the miniaturised prisoner Guardian played by extra David Greneau, who also appeared in studio for the first episode, but unlike the other male Guardians was not hired for the next instalment.

Filming took place at the BBC Television Film Studios in Ealing from Monday 31st January to around Thursday 3rd February, 1966. This work, made on 35mm film, was generally silent in nature with the soundtrack overlaid during dubbing. Innes Lloyd trailed Wiles during filming, ready to take over as producer on *The Celestial Toymaker*.

The first day included scenes for the final episode, *The Bomb*, with Maharis and Dassuk landing on Refusis II in the launcher to become caught up in the battle with the Monoids. The Refusis scenes were filmed on the first three days for the third and fourth episodes, with both this set and the Ark jungle incorporating foliage supplied by a firm called Greenery, based in Hampton. This was draped with strands of fibreglass to give it an alien appearance, and stock jabolite rocks were also used on the planet's surface. Dare designed all the Ark costumes in pastel shades with blue and white garments for the men (later in studio, the women wore pink and white outfits while the Commander was dressed in red).

The Launcher prop, which was ten feet in diameter, only had half a hull which included the "automatic" door that folded out to reveal the exit. Inside was a seating area, which could be used for camera shots angled through the missing half of the hull.

Eight Monoid costumes were made in all by freelance effects team Jack and John Lovell, based on a design by Dare with suggestions from Imison. They were one-piece affairs, each fastened up the back by a zip, and with the head connected to the padded chest. The back of the mask covered the top of the zip fastener. The costumes were topped off by yak-hair wigs of various different colours. In four of the costumes, a peg inside the skin allowed the actor to move the ping-pong ball eye about with his tongue. The actors inside the costumes did not provide the dialogue, which was performed during the studio recordings by voice artists.

Most of the filming was devoted to the battle scenes for *The Bomb*. The three principal Monoids (1, 3 and 4) were played by Frank George, John Caesar and Edmund Coulter with four extras (Eric Blackburn, Chris Webb, Raymond Byrom and Bernard Barnsley) so that a grand total of seven Monoids could appear in these sequences. For the later episodes, the Monoids wore collars carrying their hand-activated voice boxes which helped to conceal the joins around the necks of the costumes, and on which were placed each Monoid's number in "magnetic" style lettering. Each collar was fitted with a small sliding device which, when operated by the artist, would reveal a black dot to show which Monoid was talking. To suggest that there were even more of the reptiles, the numbers on the voice collars were changed between shots to higher numbers. By clever editing, the same Monoids could also appear to be on both sides of the conflict, swelling their ranks still further. Of these artists, John Caesar had been credited with a previous *Doctor Who* role, a man in the marketplace in *The Romans: All Roads Lead to Rome* the previous year.

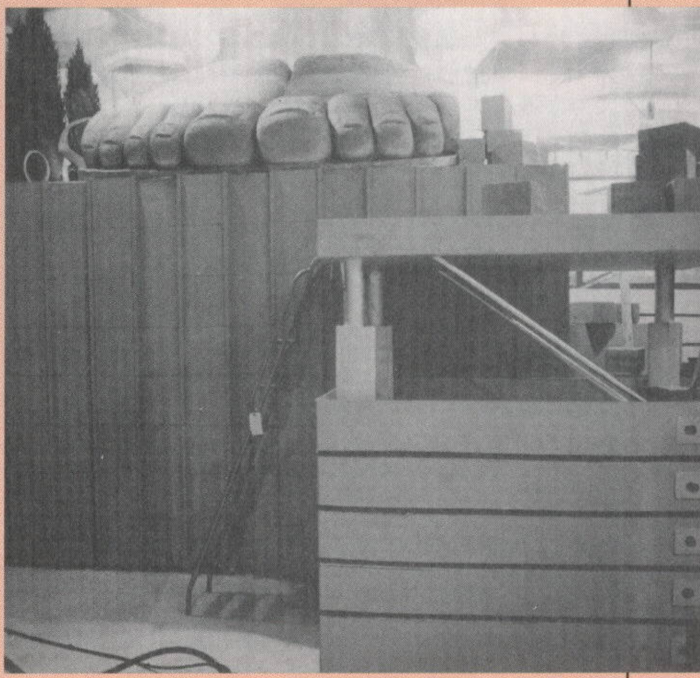
The Monoids' heat guns were working props which emitted a puff of white powder when fired. The impact was shown by shining a harsh white spotlight on the Monoid that was hit. For shots of launchers arriving or leaving Refusis, a miniature launcher appeared on a model hillock very close to the camera, with the Refusian jungle set in the background.

Filming for *The Return* included all the close-ups of the Monoid heat prods being fired. Shooting was also done inside the launcher, including the scene of the invisible Refusian investigating the craft and Monoid 2's later demise inside it (requiring Ralph Carrigan at Ealing). The effect of the invisible Refusian was achieved by moving jungle foliage on wires, and the controls inside Launcher 14 were operated 'by themselves' with help from hidden stagehands. A wire was also placed under a section of the seat in the launcher to pull the cushion down as the Refusian 'sat' in it. Another brief film sequence was the Refusian replacing some flowers in a vase, achieved by pulling Japanese plastic flowers from the vase on a wire and running the film backwards.

ZOO TIME

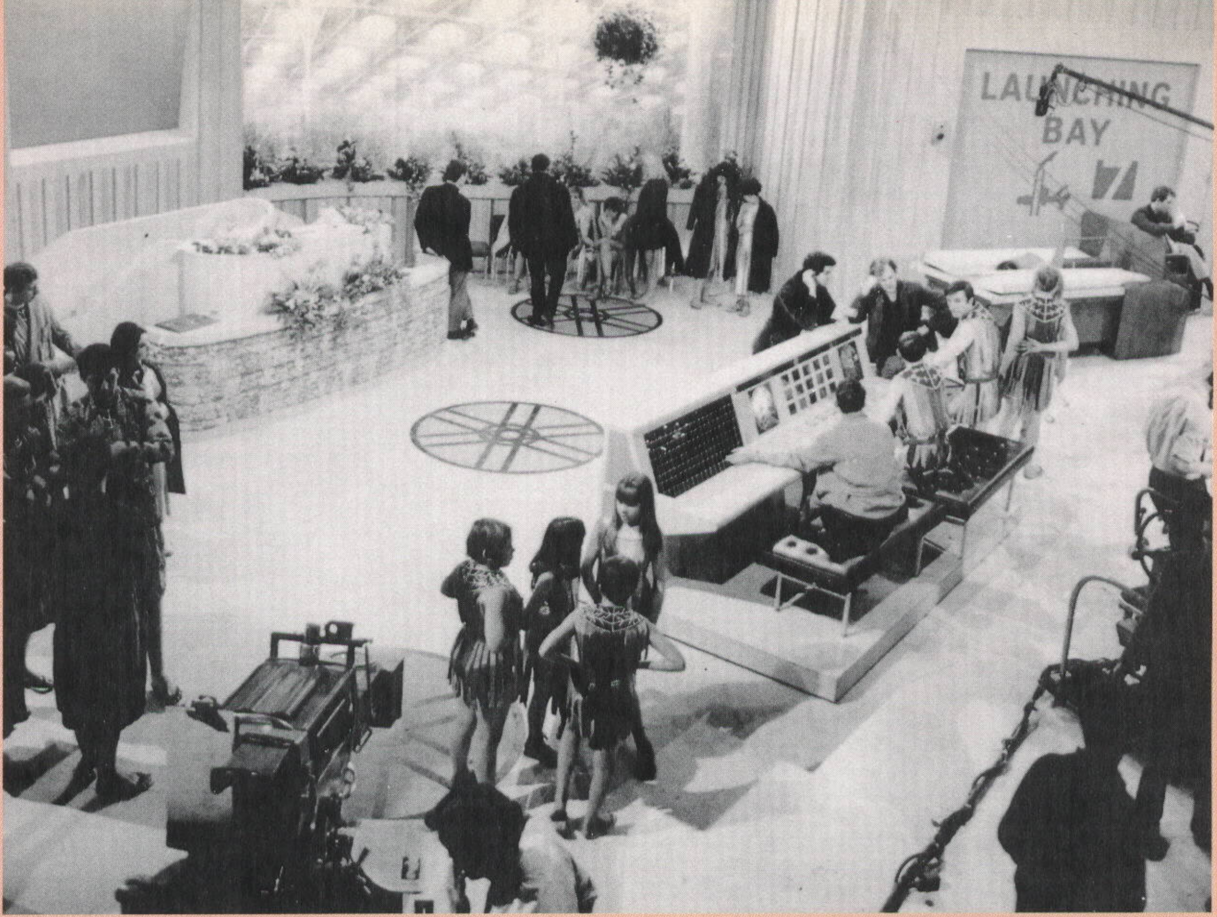
William Hartnell, Peter Purves and Jackie Lane were all required to film sequences for *The Steel Sky* and *The Plague* on the afternoon of Thursday 3rd February. This was Lane's second engagement on *Doctor Who* since *The Ark* was her first full story. The character of Dodo was introduced in the final episode of *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* (*Bell of Doom*) which was recorded on Friday 11th February (although Lane had already completed a brief film sequence for this episode on Friday 7th January). Hartnell and Purves were released from rehearsals for *Priest of Death*, the third episode of *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*, for one day's filming.

The scenes requiring the regular cast were set in the Earth-style jungle on board the Ark, also featuring Monoid extra Eric Blackburn and a variety of animals. The animals required were a monitor lizard (which appeared in the opening shot and which Imison had hoped would be filmed in such a way as to make it appear massive), a snake, a hornbill and a baby Indian Elephant called Monica. Monica was supplied by a zoo from the North of England and was Imison's proudest achievement on the serial, appearing alongside the regular cast to demonstrate that corners were not being cut by the use of stock footage. The animal had been driven down to London, but the BBC refused to allow the van driver parking facilities at Ealing, meaning that Monica spent the night in the vehicle outside Imison's flat. To conceal deficiencies in recreating a jungle in the studio, dry-ice mist was used to indicate a humid atmosphere, and some sequences were shot through a thin gossamer. The painted backdrop of the set came from stock.



Filming for *The Steel Sky* included the first close-ups of a Monoid in the jungle, the TARDIS materialisation and Dodo's exit into the jungle, Dodo looking up at the tropical bird, and several shots of the Doctor, Steven and Dodo feeding Monica with a banana. Inserts for the second episode, *The Plague*, showed a Monoid collapsing by the TARDIS, a Monoid extracting membrane fluids from Monica and the monitor lizard, the travellers returning to the TARDIS with the Monoid, and their emergence from the ship after its rematerialisation. In these scenes, and for most of the studio recordings, a small electric trolley of the sort used at the BBC to transport timber was used to carry people and objects around the Ark. It was dressed with extra side panels of metal-clad plywood, and was usually driven by a Monoid.

Also on Thursday 3rd February, publicity for the serial began when Terence Woodfield (who played Maharis) recorded an appearance as a monster for *Junior Points of View* in Presentation Studio A of Television Centre (either as a Monoid or possibly as Celation, the character he played in *The Daleks' Master Plan*). This programme, compered by Sarah Ward, was transmitted the following afternoon on BBC1.



Computer banks were taken from stock for the serial, and Newbery used angled mirrors to make the row of microcell storage cabinets seem endless. Freelance designer Peter Pegrum made painted cut-outs of miniaturised humans to appear in the cabinets, but these were not seen in the finished programme.

Several pieces of model filming were carried out for the serial. The Earth was seen moving across the Ark's monitor screen at the end of *The Steel Sky* as a smoking, slow-moving globe. A similar shot began *The Plague*, at the end of which the final moments of the Earth were shown as the planet started to burn up. This model was a globe hollowed out and filled with dry-ice which then streaked out through holes in its surface with help from a wind machine. For *The Steel Sky*, two miniatures of the jungle (using Bonsai trees) were made by Newbery to frame two paintings: the steel sky of the title and also the entrance of the control room on the perimeter of the foliage. Both of these were photographed and transferred to slides for use in the episode.

Nearly all the shots of the completed statue in the last three episodes were on film, with the two-foot-tall figurine apparently created by sculptor John Friedlander. All the scenes in which objects left the Ark via the opening launcher bay (such as the Monoid coffin, launchers and the statue) were also prefilmed as model work. The model of the statue was lifted "invisibly" by the simple expedient of lifting it from below the camera until its head was above the field of view, and then raising it the rest of the way by its head, achieving the illusion of it floating. This model was also seen to explode in space after having fallen out of the Ark, achieved by a film cut to an explosion. Imison himself kept the model for some years.

As a cost-saving measure, all the incidental music used on the serial came from stock. Primarily, tracks composed by Tristram Cary for *The Daleks* in 1963 were used. A total of just over nine minutes was cleared for use, primarily for atmosphere or for a specific scene (like the meeting with Monoid 1 in *The Return*). The remaining special electronic sounds were created by Brian Hodgson at the BBC Radiophonic Workshop.

Rehearsals for the serial took place at a Territorial Army Drill Hall in London, from Monday 14th February. *The Steel Sky* was recorded at Riverside Studio 1 on Friday 18th February, 1966 from 8.30pm to 10.00pm. The captions of episode title and writers were shown over the monitor lizard film sequence.

INTO STUDIO

Lane's accent was already different from the broad Cockney tones that Dodo had sported in *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve: Bell of Doom.* This was because after recording Lane's first episode, concern had been expressed about a character who did not speak good "BBC English". The scripts had been written with Dodo's original background in mind, and Lane had difficulty in making the dialogue work with a better class of accent. Although the Doctor chided Dodo in the serial about her use of slang, by its conclusion there was little evidence of the girl's East End origins.

Only two studio sets were needed for the episode: a small section of the jungle set from Ealing with a cave area and the large flight deck of the Ark. This had various entrances, leading directly to some smaller sets such as the Commander's room in *The Plague.* Launching Bay 7 was situated to the right, with the full-sized launcher in place for later recordings, although a painted backdrop showing the launchers behind a large partition remained lowered across its entrance for most of the session. To the right of this were the jabolite feet of the statue on a raised section of set. In the centre of the set was the main control console, which featured small working elements including some coloured slides. When the crew activated a scanner, a bulb was illuminated behind a slide on the console, showing the relevant set. The camera would then cut to a monitor screen relaying an image from that set, conveying the illusion of many miniature televisions on the console.

At the back of the set was a raised section where the Commander, Zentos and a Monoid stenographer sat in the first episode. A curved forced perspective backdrop was used behind the windows on the deck, giving the impression that the Ark was spherical. The main screen on the deck was behind the raised seating area, and inlay was used to insert images from another camera onto the blank panel. These included the Doctor's party in the jungle, the TARDIS in the foliage and a slide of the Earth. Two specially pre-typed sheets of paper were prepared to be taken from the Monoid stenographer's machine (a verdict about the fate of the Guardian and a transcript of the conversation between the Doctor and the Commander, during which the TARDIS was referred to as a "black box"). Another specially prepared document was the plan for the huge statue.

The still of the Guardian being miniaturised was inlaid into the transparent doorway of the miniaturising booth on the deck. For the scene in which the Commander succumbed to Dodo's cold, one of the cameras was defocussed to show the Commander's point of view as he weakened. The closing credits were then rolled over the model film footage of the smoking Earth which was inlaid to the main screen on the flight deck.

A new time-scale was introduced in Erickson's script. *The Ark* was set in the 57th segment of time, ten million years into the future. As a point of continuity, the Doctor referred to his encounters with the Daleks, Nero (*The Romans*) and the Trojan Wars (*The Myth Makers*) as he spoke with the Commander, all these events having taken place in the first segment. Time travel had been ignored by humanity since unsucessful experiments in the 27th segment. In *The Plague*, the microvirologist Rhos refers to the cure for the common cold being lost in the primal wars of the 10th segment.

The Plague was recorded on Friday 25th February from 8.15pm to 9.45pm. The reprise sequence from the end of *The Steel Sky* was re-enacted, after which the episode title and writer captions were superimposed over the shot of the Earth moving across the main screen.

With all the jungle sequences pre-filmed at Ealing, the only sets needed for recording of *The Plague* were the inter-linked main deck, side room, Commander's room and corridor sets that comprised the control area of the Ark. The side room and Commander's room sets had small monitor screens set into their walls, relaying pictures from other sets so that characters could observe events at Steven's trial on the flight deck. For the funeral of the Monoid in *The Plague*, around one minute and twenty-five seconds of percussion from Robert Farnon's *Drumdramatics No.11* was used. As with the rest of the serial, the remaining electronic music was stock material by Cary.

700 YEARS LATER

Joining the cast for *The Return* was an actor and voice artist who would go on to have a long association with *Doctor Who*: Roy Skelton. Born in Nottingham, Skelton had begun building up a repertoire of funny voices while working at the Bristol Old Vic. He found himself working on the voices for radio's *Adventures in Toytown* alongside Peter Hawkins. The Monoid voices, delivered live into the studio, were electronically modulated in accordance with their synthetic production by the "voice boxes" on the Monoid collars. Roy Skelton voiced Monoid 1, whilst John Halstead voiced Monoids 2 and 3. As the voice of the invisible Refusian, Richard Beale's tones were given a booming nature to indicate his power and size. Imison cast Eileen Helsby, the sister of his secretary Thelma Helsby, as Venussa.

The Return was taped at Riverside on Friday 4th March from 8.30pm to 10.00pm. As with *The Plague*, it had a newly recorded reprise, this time using clever camera angles reflected in mirrors to achieve an overhead shot of the travellers. The opening captions were shown over the model footage of the statue, showing the Monoid head.

On the main flight deck, the scan screen was now replaced by a back-lit grid of white lines against a black background, across which lights could be shone by stagehands. An illuminated slide of the computer banks appeared on a console, and a brief film insert of the storage area was inlaid to the main screen. Monoid 1 now occupied the Commander's room, and the monitor screen set into its wall replayed the film sequence of a Monoid and the Doctor's group at the TARDIS as seen in *The Plague*.

The Return featured the full size Launcher 14 prop in the studio, situated in a small recreation of the Refusis planet set from Ealing. A slide showed the Refusian's castle-like dwelling from a distance as seen by the Doctor's party. Inside the castle's main hall, the Refusian lifted and moved objects (such as a chair) by means of hidden wires. Inlay was used at the end of the episode to show Monoid 2 in the launcher relaying his report to the Ark.

In the kitchens, the illusion of empty bowls suddenly filling with food was achieved by cross-fading out a superimposed slide of a white ellipse which had been lined up over a camera shot showing a full bowl. This was used to indicate the instant creation of food after Dassuk dropped a concentrated pill into an empty bowl. Although the Monoids were offered food by the Subject Guardians, the costumes did not have mouths with which they could eat. In one scene, Monoid 1 takes an apple and turns away from the camera, clutching it to his chest under his voice-box, indicating that maybe this was where the reptiles' mouths were situated.

Radio Times previewed the serial with an article entitled *Dr. Who and a Space Ark* (5th - 11th March, 1966). Because of this title, a variety of BBC documents and fan publications over the years have referred to this serial by the collective title of *The Space Ark*, although the title used on the scripts and during production was simply *The Ark*. A photograph of the regular cast with Monica was used to illustrate the piece. *The Steel Sky* began transmission on Saturday 5th March, with the serial retaining the 5.15pm slot established with *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*.

Recording on *The Ark* concluded with *The Bomb* on Friday 11th March between 8.30pm and 9.45pm. Just before going into studio, Imison was informed that the BBC were not renewing his contract as a staff director. Unlike most episodes of the time which were recorded in transmission sequence with no more than the occasional minor scene out of order, *The Bomb* was an attempt to tape out of sequence, with editing at a later date. The first scene to be recorded was the final scene set in the TARDIS console room. For this, Purves and Lane wore the outfits that they would adopt for the next story, *The Celestial Toymaker*. Standing against a black background on a separate set, Hartnell was superimposed on the TARDIS set against a dark wall panel, and this image was faded away to make him seem to vanish in the cliffhanger.

Recording resumed with the opening of the episode. The last two scenes of *The Return* were re-enacted, and the episode and writer credits were superimposed over a shot of the smoking remains of Launcher 14.

Inlay was used to place an image of the Doctor in the launcher on Refusis on the

Ark's main screen (the image was slightly misaligned, resulting in the heads of some of the Guardians vanishing behind it). For the last scene on the flight deck, one monitor showed two slides cross-fading: the first showing the TARDIS in the jungle (photographed during recording of *The Steel Sky*), and the second showing the empty jungle.

Wiles and Davis were pleased with the finished story. Wiles moved on to develop storylines for the BBC soap *The Newcomers*, becoming settled in a career of directing and writing for television and books. He script-edited *Francis Durbridge Presents* and wrote scripts for *Out of the Unknown* (a BBC science-fiction/horror anthology), *Paul Temple, Menace, The Regiment, Spy Trap* and *Warship*. He also contributed to documentaries like *Horizon* and worked on the BBC adaptation of *Ballet Shoes*.

This was the only *Doctor Who* story by Paul Erickson, who went on to write for other televion series such as *Paul Temple*. He and Lesley Scott were later to separate, and although he attended a few *Doctor Who* conventions before his death in October 1991, his only other association with the show was his novelisation of his serial. Now a freelancer, Michael Imison left the world of television to take over an artists' agency in London from an American company, a career in which Imison found great success.

Reception for *The Ark* by British viewers was poor. The declining ratings during *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* continued and hit *The Steel Sky* which, for the first time since *An Unearthly Child*, took *Doctor Who* outside the Top 100 Rated Programmes for the week. Starting opposite *Doctor Who* in many ITV regions was *Thank Your Lucky Stars*, a successful pop music programme. Audience appreciation figures for the serial were reasonable.

The Ark was purchased by ABC Australia in September 1966, although cuts had to be made in *The Steel Sky, The Return* and *The Bomb* before it could be assigned a "G" rating. The main problem seemed to close-ups of the Monoids, and there was also a request to reduce the heat prod battle and the screams of the victims in the final episode. The serial had been sold to New Zealand (shown Spring 1969), the Caribbean, Zambia, Sierra Leone and Singapore (who purchased the New Zealand prints in 1972) by 1977. The master tapes had been wiped by the early Seventies, and the BBC Film and Television Archives elected to keep a 16mm film recording of *The Return* as an example of *Doctor Who* from that time. In 1978, however, it was revealed that BBC Enterprises retained a complete set of 16mm film recordings of the serial which still exist (allowing for a possible BBC Video release).

Erickson's novelisation, *Doctor Who - The Ark*, was published in hardback by WH Allen in October 1986 and featured a cover by David McAllister. Erickson took the opportunity to expand many of the concepts from his original storyline, notably as the Doctor ventured into the desert terrain of the Ark. The paperback, published by Target, was Book No. 114 and was issued in March 1987. A new edition published in December 1992 had a cover painted by Alister Pearson.

The Bomb was selected as an episode representative of the William Hartnell era of *Doctor Who* and included as one of the "First Doctor Selected Gems" at the *Doctor Who - The Developing Art* event at the National Film Theatre on 29th October 1983. The serial is also syndicated in North America as a compilation running at one hour thirty-three minutes, with the opening shots of the Monoid and the title captions for *The Steel Sky* removed. In some prints, the final scene in the TARDIS, which leads in to *The Celestial Toymaker*, is also removed. The serial was transmitted on UK Gold in both episodic and compilation form in December 1992.

Andrew Pixley

Serial X The Ark

CAST: William Hartnell (*Dr. Who*) and Peter Purves (*Steven*), Jackie Lane (*Dodo*) with Eric Elliott (*Commander)* [1-2], Inigo Jackson (*Zentos*) [1-2], Roy Spencer (*Manyak*) [1-2], Kate Newman (*Mellium*) [1-2], Edmund Coulter (*1st Monoid*) [1-2], Frank George (Second Monoid) [1-2], Michael Sheard (*Rhos*) [2], Ian Frost (*Baccu*) [2], Stephanie Heesom (*1st Guardian*) [2], Paul Greenhalgh (*2nd Guardian*) [2], Terence Woodfield (*Maharis*) [3-4], Ralph Carrigan (*Monoid Two*) [3], Terence Bayler (*Yendom*) [3], Edmund Coulter (*Monoid One*) [3-4], Brian Wright (*Dassuk*) [3-4], Eileen Helsby (*Venussa*) [3-4], Frank George (*Monoid Three*) [3-4]; Roy Skelton, John Halstead (*Monoid Voices*) [3-4]; Richard Beale (*Refusian Voice*) [3-4], John Caeser (*Monoid Four*) [4].

EXTRAS: Eric Blackburn, Chris Webb, Raymond Byrom, Bernard Barnsley (*Slave Monoids*); David Greenau (*Prisoner Guardian*); Bill Hunter, George Gibbs, Roy Douglas, Trevor Griffiths, Mark Allington, Ron Gregory, Tony Kemp (*Male Guardians*); Judith Webb, Jackie Salt, Jackie Duval, Sheila McGrath, Jan Williams, Terry Cashfield, Diane Chapman, Iris Fry (*Female Guardians*); Hazel Graham, Jacqueline Lewis, Philips Harris, Paul Johnson (*Child Guardians*); John Moyce, Paul Linley, Royston Farrell, Victor Hunt, Alan Norburn, Michael Osborn (*Male Slave Guardians*); Sara Negus, Andrea Beddows, Rosemary Chalmers, Gloria Williams, Rosemary Lord, Deryn Fisher (*Female Slave Guardians*); Eric Blackburn, Chris Webb, Raymond Byrom, Bernard Barnsley, Denis Marlow, Bill Richards (*Monoids Six, Nine, Twenty-One, Thirty-Three, Forty-Five, Sixty-Three and Seventy-Seven*).

CREDITS: Written by Paul Erickson & Lesley Scott. Title music by Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Incidental music by Tristram Cary. Film Cameraman: Tony Leggo*. Film Editor: Noel Chapman*. Costumes designed by Daphne Dare*. Make-up by Sonia Markham*. Lighting: Howard King*. Sound: Ray Angel*. Story Editor: Gerry Davis. Designer: Barry Newbery. Producer: John Wiles. Directed by Michael Imison.
*Credited on *The Bomb* only.

UK BROADCAST DETAILS

The Steel Sky	5th March 1966	5.15pm - 5.40pm
The Plague	12th March 1966	5.15pm - 5.40pm
The Return	19th March 1966	5.15pm - 5.40pm
The Bomb	26th March 1966	5.15pm - 5.40pm

Viewing Figures
The Steel Sky: 5.5M (102nd), *The Plague*: 6.9M (70th), *The Return*: 6.2M (85th), *The Bomb*: 7.3M (71st)

Audience Appreciation Figures
The Steel Sky: 55%, *The Plague*: 56%, *The Return*: 51%, *The Bomb*: 50%

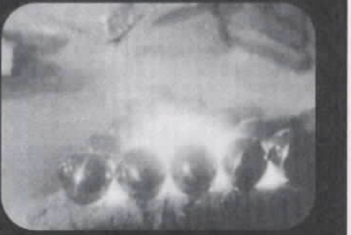
Thonmi explains that Victoria went to see Padmasambhava, hoping he would recognise the Doctor who he has already met. "But that was three hundred years ago!" the Doctor retorts. He wonders if it could be the same man.

The Doctor realises that Victoria is reacting to his voice. He whispers to Jamie that he needs more information if he is to help her. "You wait here," he tells him, "I'm going to see a very old friend."

"Oh, Intelligence, you promised to release me," Padmasambhava wearily states, "yet still I feel your grasp on this frail body. Why?"

"This was not your plan," he adds. The master now realises that if the Great Intelligence continues to expand, he will be responsible for bringing the world to its end.

Inside the cave, the ectoplasm continues to pour from the pyramid, engulfing the floor of the chamber.



"Come in, Doctor," Padmasambhava calls. The Doctor enters the sanctum. "It's good to look upon your face again . . . So many years," the master says, his voice choked with emotion. "Padmasambhava," observes the Doctor. "So it's true – but how?"

"I've been kept alive so many years," he replies feebly. The Doctor deduces that during an astral projection Padmasambhava made mental contact with a 'formless intelligence'. "It uses my mind – controls my body," the old man states.

"But why?" demands the Doctor. "Experiment – wished for true form," the frail man replies and begs the Doctor to help him.

The Doctor agrees to assist his friend but he must have the answers to certain questions. "Why are the monks being driven away?" he demands. "What is the purpose of these robots – the Yeti?" he adds. "Where is their control?"

As Padmasambhava tries to answer, he gives out a painful wail and slumps forward. The Doctor tries but is unable to rouse his friend.

The Doctor slowly turns and leaves the inner sanctum.

As the door closes, Padmasambhava slowly raises his head and opens his eyes.

Upon the Doctor's return, Jamie insists that he do something about Victoria. "It may be just simple post-hypnotic suggestion," the Doctor explains. "But on the other hand, it could be something worse!"

Interrupting her programmed message, the Doctor informs Victoria that she has been taken away from the monastery and is now back in the safety of the TARDIS.

Having calmed his young companion, the Doctor hypnotises the girl himself. "Look at my eyes," he tells Victoria. "You're feeling tired."

"Let yourself drift away into sleep," he commands. With Victoria sedated, the Doctor tells Jamie that to protect her sanity he must try to remove the implanted fear in her mind.

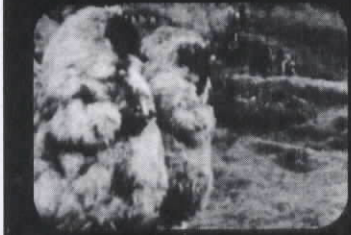
He tells her that she will remember nothing after being in the cell with Thonmi. The Doctor adds that he and Jamie have returned to the monastery and are now together in the meeting room. "You are feeling happy, but a little tired," he concludes.

Counting to three, the Doctor clicks his fingers and Victoria awakens from her trance.

"Oh, I must have dropped off," Victoria says, yawning. "What are you grinning at?" she says to the smiling Jamie.

In the courtyard, Travers informs the Doctor that the Yeti are still out there but appear to be dormant. Enlisting the help of the explorer, the Doctor heads outside to obtain the final readings he needs.

The Yeti remain motionless as the Doctor and Travers approach.



As the Doctor assembles his equipment, Travers watches the Yeti and experiences a sudden sense of *déjà vu* but quickly dismisses it. "Right, what do you want me to do?" he asks. The Doctor asks Travers to stay and take the readings.

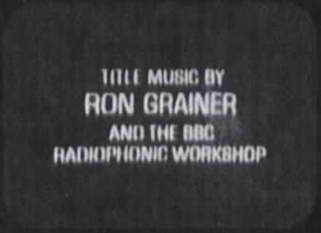
"Those Yeti are not transmitting," the Doctor informs him, "I'm going over there to stir things up a bit." Travers argues that he should go instead, freely admitting that he doesn't understand the Doctor's equipment.

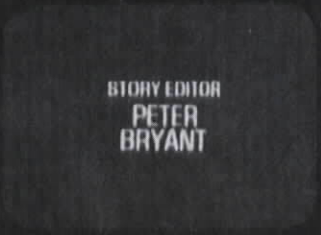
As the explorer walks forward, the Yeti suddenly reactivate and start towards them.

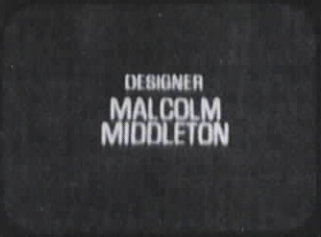
The Doctor notes the readings. He and Travers race into the courtyard and announce that they've found the transmission source. "It's here, in the monastery!" the Doctor exclaims. "This is not possible," retorts Khrisong. "We are all here," says Thonmi.

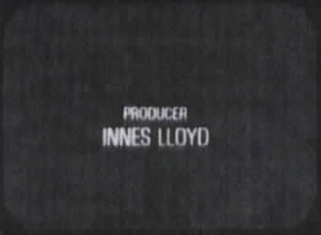
"Are we?" asks the Doctor. "The master!" says Travers. "Songsten is with him," exclaims Thonmi. "Then he is in great danger," says Khrisong and rushes off. "I remember," Travers suddenly cries. "Songsten, the Yeti, on the mountain – it's all coming back to me!"

"Tell us," urges Jamie. "There was this cave," he begins . . .
On the mountain, the ectoplasm is now spewing out from the cave mouth onto the surrounding mountainside . . .

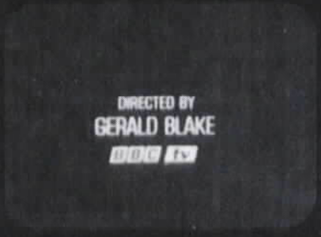








Compiled by
Matthew Pereira



DOCTOR WHO SUBSCRIPTIONS

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
THE DAWN OF DOCTOR WHO
FREE POSTCARDS: SET 2
THE GIANTS
FREE BBC Video Picture Cards
The creation of the Second Doctor
Looking back at The Abominable Snowmen
BEHIND THE SCENES: DOCTOR WHO AND THE SILURIANS
plus RICHARD FRANKLIN on life and love in UNIT
FREE
Behind the Scenes - The Ark in Space
Exclusive interview Sarah Sutton
MORE FREE POSTCARDS
PETER DAVISON
INSIDE: POSTCARDS
PLANET OF FIRE
Andrew Cartmel on Season Twenty-Five
Michael Craze

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

For over fifteen years Marvel Comics' Doctor Who Magazine has been the most comprehensive chronicle of the world's longest-running science-fiction programme – packed with news, interviews, features and all-new adventures.

Doctor Who Magazine is available on order from all good newsagents, comic shops and specialist book-stores, but you can subscribe to THIRTEEN issues of Doctor Who Magazine (a full year's subscription) for the price of just TWELVE!

DOCTOR WHO
GIANT DALEK POSTER INSIDE
DALEKS THE STORY OF THE DOCTOR'S DEADLIEST FOES
THIRD ISSUE
GIANT SEA DEVIL POSTER INSIDE
THE SILURIANS MONSTERS FROM THE DAWN OF TIME

Doctor Who Appreciation Society members deduct £3.50 from UK subscription price, just by telling us your membership number.

Doctor Who Fan Club of Australia members will receive a £3.50 discount voucher for DWM subscriptions on joining. Contact DWFCA, PO Box 4, Epping NSW 2121 Australia for membership details.

Friends of Doctor Who members will receive a discount voucher for DWM subscriptions on joining. Write to FODW, PO Box 14111, Reading PA 19612-111 USA.

New Zealand Doctor Who Fan Club members will receive a £3.50 discount if you send your TSV address label. Write to NZDWFC, PO Box 26311, Epsom, Auckland, New Zealand.

DOCTOR WHO POSTER MAGAZINE

Facts and trivia about the Doctor's friends and foes, behind-the-scenes features, and massive posters, many featuring previously unseen photos of the Doctor's companions and monsters. Available every two months.

Cut out or photocopy this coupon and post it with your payment to:
Doctor Who Subscriptions, PO Box 503, Leicester, Great Britain LE94 OAD.
Telephone Hotline 01858 410510

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Name
Address

Post Code
Date of Birth

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

Please supply me with thirteen issues of **Doctor Who Magazine** for the price of twelve, starting from the next available issue. I understand that the subscription offer does not include the Year Book, and only includes Specials if requested.

Doctor Who Magazine – *Regular issues only*
☐ UK £33.00 ☐ Europe £41.50 ☐ Other overseas £51.00
(SC 0069H)

Doctor Who Magazine *with Summer and Winter Specials*
☐ UK £39.00 ☐ Europe £48.80 ☐ Other overseas £60.00
(SC 0070W)

DOCTOR WHO POSTER MAGAZINE

I wish to subscribe to the **Doctor Who Poster Magazine.** I understand that my payment will entitle me to twelve issues, two years of publication, starting from the next available issue.

Doctor Who Poster Magazine
☐ UK £21.00 ☐ Europe £28.00 ☐ Other overseas £34.60
(SC 0012L)

METHOD OF PAYMENT

The total value of my order is £ .

☐ I enclose a cheque for this amount, made payable to Marvel Comics Ltd

☐ Please charge my ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard.
My card number is (13 or 16 digits)
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Expiry Date
Signature

DISCOUNT RATES

☐ I am a member of the ***Doctor Who* Appreciation Society** and my membership number is:

I am a member of the ☐ **Friends of *Doctor Who*** ☐ ***Doctor Who* Fan Club of Australia** ☐ **New Zealand Doctor Who Fan Club** and enclose my **DWM** subscription discount voucher/label with this application.

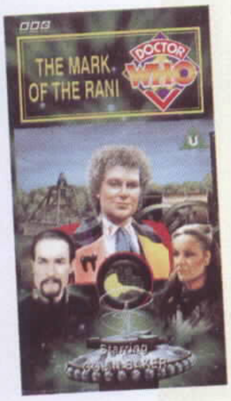
☐ *On occasion we may permit other reputable companies to make offers of products or services to our customers. Tick here if you would prefer not to receive details of any special offers or new products.*

Shelf Life

Three novels, each with a new foe in;
For the Stranger there's danger a-growin',
The Doc and the Rani
Are having a barney –
It's the merchandise page with Dave Owen!

VIDEOS

THE MARK OF THE RANI



The Sixth Doctor and Peri find that a nineteenth-century mining village is being overrun by violence against machines. Inventor George Stephenson has called a meeting of all the great minds of the day. Will the Master manage to pervert the course of history? Why are the Luddites' attacks growing more vicious? And what is the secret behind the old woman at the village bath-house?

The Mark of the Rani introduces a new villain to *Doctor Who*. Although perfectly played by Kate O'Mara, the Rani is too similar to the Master and consequently. Anthony Ainley's character is quite superfluous, serving only to remind the viewer of their similarity.

The story's setting is a strong one. The Industrial Revolution was a pivotal moment in history, changing the lives of everyday people forever. But the location of Pip and Jane Baker's *Doctor Who* writing debut seems pretty arbitrary. There have been plenty of other scenes of civil disorder throughout history that the Rani could have concealed her work behind. Its insignificance to the storyline aside, the mining village is a wonderful location. The exteriors, filmed at Blists Hill Open Air Museum, fit the bill perfectly. The film work is beautiful throughout the story, and is complemented by an incidental score that evokes the period just as well as the grubby miners. The high production standards extend to the studio work, especially the interior of the Rani's TARDIS, a stylish reinterpretation of the familiar design.

Most of the drama is played out between the three Time Lords and Peri. Unfortunately, all four wander about, spouting dialogue that sounds like it was written by a crossword compiler – they seem intent on burdening their conversation with an indulgence of similes, metaphors, puns and quotations. Sometimes this verbal overload is charming, such as when the Doctor speculates that an appropriate collective noun is "an inspiration of geniuses", but more often, it simply heightens the staginess of the piece. "Unfortunate? Fortuitous would be a more apposite epithet," comments the Master at one point, like some cosmic Scrabble champion. The story's credibility finally evaporates when the Rani's fiendish land mines turn one of the characters into a tree whic bends its branch, like an arm, to save Peri's life.

The Mark of the Rani is undeniably well-made, but it's a rather silly story.

TIME AND THE RANI

TIME AND THE RANI
DOCTOR WHO
Starring SYLVESTER McCOY

The TARDIS is violently drawn to the planet Lakertya, causing the Doctor's sixth regeneration. The native Lakertyans are being used by the Rani and her servants, the bat-like Tetraps. Why does she need the Doctor's intellect? Why is she so interested in an asteroid made up of Strange Matter? And this goo: what's it for?

When it was shown in 1987, I was left slack-jawed with astonishment by the opening episode of Pip and Jane Baker's second Rani story. Sylvester McCoy's debut was in many ways the best and worst that *Doctor Who* has ever been. Even now, it seems extreme in its strengths and weaknesses. The look and feel of the production is arresting and modern. There's the computer-generated opening title sequence, shots of the TARDIS being buffeted through space and, best of all, the depiction of the Rani's booby-traps that show the victim in a weightless electronic bubble being bounced against the cliffs until they explode. Just as pointless as turning them into a pantomime tree but much better to look at.

The characters are not as impressive as their surroundings. Sylvester McCoy's pratfalls and clowning don't exactly inspire confidence, and his malapropisms are just as unsubtle and unfunny. Bonnie Langford's Mel, still a character without any real background, doesn't grow any more substantial.

However, Kate O'Mara shines as the Rani. The story's only real moments of warmth and humour come when she impersonates Mel to gain the Doctor's confidence. With orange wig, leg-warmers and squeaky enthusiasm, her glorious parody is interspersed with withering asides to the camera at the Doctor's expense. Wonderful.

After a couple of episodes of stunning visuals and numbing performances, the novelty starts to wear off and some sort of storyline becomes necessary. Oh dear. The Rani's ultimate ambition for her "inspiration" of kidnapped genuises is obscured behind a welter of pseudoscientific rubbish, demonstrating that she's little more than a cartoon villain. So is her creation; a giant, purple, pulsing, disembodied brain. Which talks.

Despite looking totally different, the two Rani stories have much in common. Emphasis on the leads to the detriment of the supporting characters, for one thing. A total disregard for scientific plausibility, for another. And both are beautifully finished productions of really dreadful scripts.

Time and the Rani is far more enjoyable to watch now in retrospect than in 1987 when it was the only clue to the future of *Doctor Who*. But it's an *extremely* silly story.

STRANGER VI – EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

In a remote country farmhouse, a girl displays remarkable psychokinetic abilities. The three Preceptors, Egan, Saul, and Soloman, are unexpectedly thrown back to Earth just when they thought they were returning to the Dimensional Web. What is Project Metaphysic? Why are the Preceptors still here? And can they ever leave ?

Eye of the Beholder (BBV10) is the first two-tape release from the Bill Baggs stable, and the same criticism applied to many BBC Video releases can be levelled here. At under two hours in length, it would easily fit on a single tape, and surely pass on some saving to the buyer.

Despite this, I can recommend the tapes unreservedly. The standard of *The Stranger* series has now risen to broadcast-quality drama. It's hard to reconcile the slick, well-defined format of the latest releases with the confusing ambiguity of the early tapes. The series has come a long way.

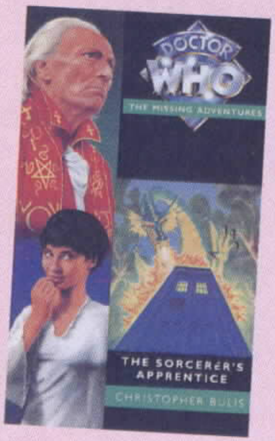
Rather than concentrating on Colin Baker's Soloman, *Eye of the Beholder* is much more of an ensemble piece than before. Indeed, the good-guy/bad-guys distinction between him and his fellow Preceptors is fading rapidly. This gives much more depth to David Troughton as Egan, and John Wadmore as the previously obnoxious Saul. Writer Nick Briggs wisely chooses simply to restate the characters' backgrounds and motives, rather than add any more mysteries.

The pace of the story gradually accelerates, with the second part featuring an all-out battle sequence between the military and two of their number who have been killed and reanimated. It was these scenes in particular that convinced me that Bill Baggs is a formidable director whose talents deserve a wider audience.

Although the story is an immediate follow-up to its predecessor, *Breach of the Peace*, it works perfectly well by itself. And it's definitely the best of the series so far.

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

The TARDIS brings the Doctor, Susan, Ian and Barbara to what appears to be England in the Middle Ages. After finding a crashed spaceship from the year 2976, they encounter a fire-breathing dragon but are rescued by an armoured knight on horseback. They discover they are on the planet Avalon, in the kingdom of Elbyon, a realm where science and religion are nonexistent, magic spells really work, and medieval folk tales are all true. But how can any of it be possible ?



In *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* (ISBN 0 426 20447 6), Christopher Bulis' latest addition to the *Missing Adventures* range, the author captures the regulars spotlessly. The Doctor asks Susan to check the radiation reading, Ian and Barbara hope against hope that the TARDIS has brought them home, and what at first appears to be Earth isn't. But having set things up, the narrative takes a bold step beyond the confines of televised *Doctor Who.*

I have a pathological hatred of the fantasy genre. Not implausible science-fiction ideas like time-travel or faster-than-light drives, you understand. I mean the twee rubbish that centres on noble warriors going on magical quests on horseback, bearing swords with names. Kingdoms under threat, races of elves, magical incantations: it's all airy-fairy nonsense! I was initially disappointed to find that *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* appears to be just such a work.

Cynics like me have a champion in the story – the Doctor. He refuses to accept any of the clichéd impossibilities around him and keeps searching for a scientific explanation. Susan and a princess are captured by an evil wizard. The Doctor and Ian have to go on a quest for a magic helmet to save her. Despite the fact that the storyline seems to be just as dated and predictable as the setting, Christopher's concise, pacy prose style kept me interested.

Things get still more interesting when a secret intelligence mission from the Earth Empire lands on Avalon. It's the same Empire described in the New Adventure *Original Sin*, so there are three distinct fictional worlds co-existing.

Just as in Christopher's earlier *Missing Adventure, State of Change*, with its flat Earth and monsters at the end of the world, what at first appears to be an impossibility here has a rational explanation. It's not as elegant as in *State of Change*, and comes too soon in the story, making the concluding battles something of a formality.

The really clever thing about *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* is that the author manages to revel in the clichés of Arthurian legend and then show that they've happened precisely because they *are* clichés. In the end it's a well-written, intelligent book. Despite the leprechauns.

SKY PIRATES!

The TARDIS is blown off course by a reality bomb left by an ancient enemy of the Time Lords. The Doctor, Benny, Chris and Roz find themselves in the System. It is a surreal microcosm with breathable air between the planets, driven by clockwork around a smiling sun. Are they hallucinating? Is it an illusion? Or can everything around here *really* be this strange?

It is soon apparent that *Sky Pirates!* (ISBN 0 426 20446 8) is no ordinary *New Adventure*. Dave Stone's debut is quite clearly not intended to be taken entirely seriously. Fair enough. *Doctor Who* is, after all, a series of stories about a man who darts about saving the universe in a police box. Authors like Douglas Adams, Harry Harrison and Terry Prachett have written fine, humorous science-fiction and fantasy books that send up the genre as much as they depend on it. So a *New Adventure* in that sort of style seems like a good idea.

THE NEW
Doctor WHO
ADVENTURES
SKY PIRATES!
DAVE STONE

This book will certainly disappoint purists who believe that *Doctor Who* in print should be just as it was on television. Perhaps "enrage" would be a better word than "disappoint". *Sky Pirates!* includes gratuitous amounts of swearing, nudity, sexual references, drunkenness, violence and more casual drug references than you'd overhear in a students' union bar during Freshers' Week.

However, it is in parts very funny indeed. This is the book's saving grace. Every few pages, just as I was losing patience with the improbable events being described, a joke would come up that made it all worthwhile. More often than not, the humour centres around Benny, who gets the lion's share of the good lines. Much of the peripheral material in the book concerns her previously undocumented exploits in the art of writing.

The story itself is an unremarkable quest for some jewels. It's hard to follow, being buried beneath the weight of description of the weird and wonderful places and people of the System, but that doesn't matter. The writing style is much more memorable than the events being described. However, there are far too many supporting characters with unpronounceable names. After a while I forgot which were humans, which were lizards, and which were sentient hot-water bottles.

The ending is quite satisfying. As in *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, the impossible is more or less explained rationally. But I was left with a sneaking suspicion that Dave enjoyed writing the book more than I had enjoyed reading it. I applaud all the brave innovations that have gone into *Sky Pirates!*, and hope that Virgin will continue to experiment with the unusual. However, the finished product here is a bit of an ordeal.

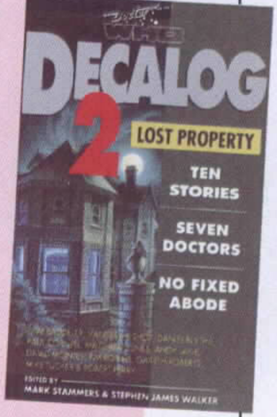
DECALOG II – LOST PROPERTY

Mark Stammers' and Steven James Walker's second anthology of short *Doctor Who* fiction is far more palatable than its predecessor. Rather than being linked by a surrounding narrative that dictates that the stories be read in sequence, *Lost Property* (ISBN 0426 20448 4) is a collection that can be dipped into at will and read in any order.

The stories are linked, however. They all concern places that the Doctor might reasonably call "home". The theme is stronger in some stories than in others. For instance, in the graphically funny *Question Mark Pyjamas* by Robert Perry and Mike Tucker, the Seventh Doctor is alarmed to find that his Kent house from *New Adventures* such as *Warhead* and *Warlock* has been transported to a tasteless heritage theme park in space. In Daniel Blythe's horror story, *Lonely Days*, the Fifth Doctor and Nyssa's decision to visit a remote asteroid is far more arbitrary – he won it years ago in a bet.

After ten stories featuring all seven Doctors, I realised what was odd about this collection. The Doctor's most enduring characteristic is that he is a restless wanderer. It's strange to be repeatedly told about places where he's spent some length of time!

The stories in this collection are generally better than in *Decalog I*, and the best ones here are those that take the greatest liberties with the traditional storytelling style of *Doctor Who.* Tim Robins' *The Crimson Dawn*, in which the Fourth Doctor and Leela visit the colonised Mars of the future, is my favourite. Taking popular fiction about Mars as his starting point, Tim refers to just about every popular author or film maker to have depicted the red planet. Clever.

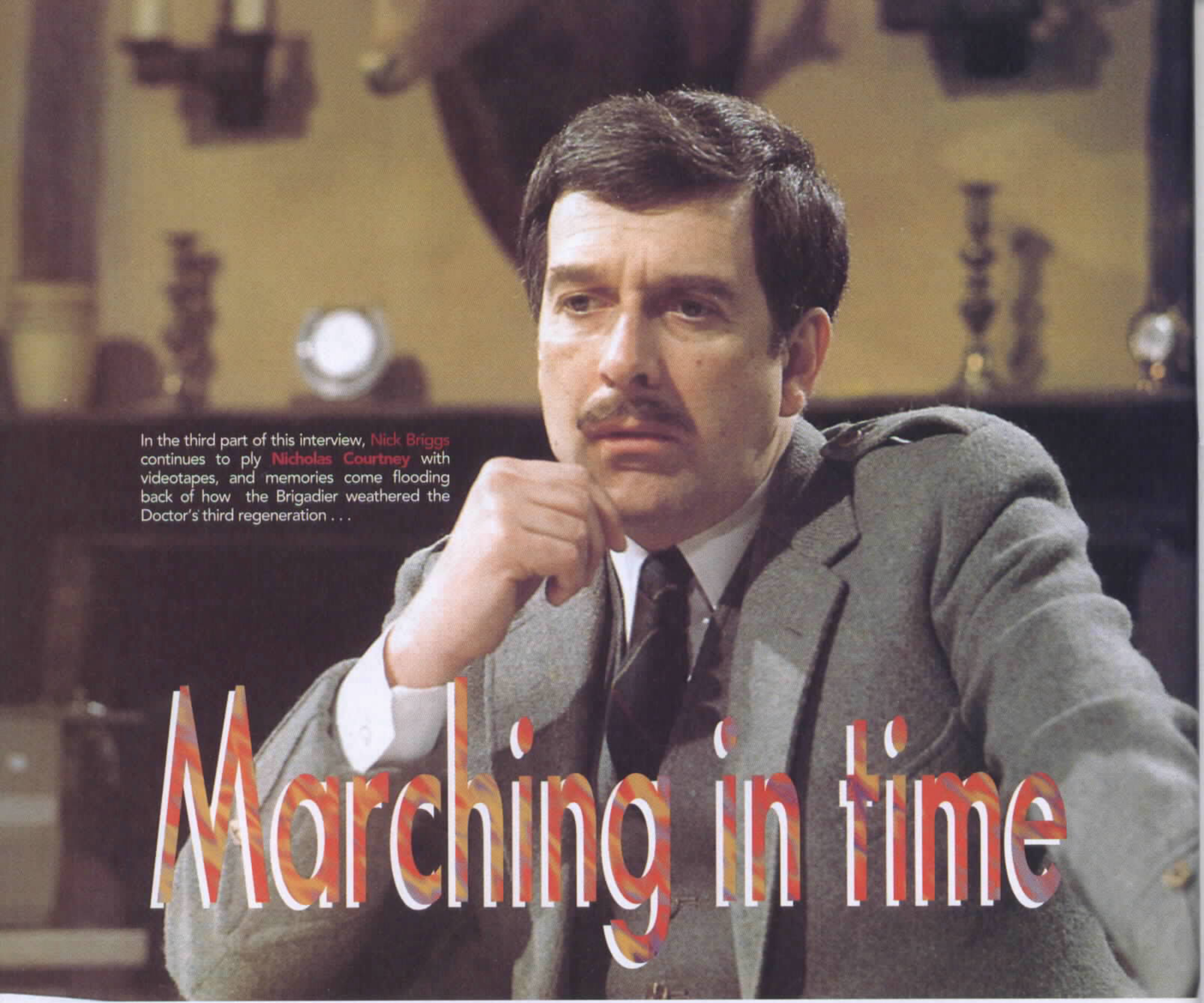


Paul Cornell's Jacobean play, *The Trials of Tara*, is an unashamed exercise incombining the diverse. The tale of the Kandyman coming to Tara and meeting the Seventh Doctor and Bernice is told in the style of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Set in iambic pentameter and containing the obligatory Shakespearean dirty jokes, it will delight English students with a sense of the absurd.

Most of the stories share many references to other *Doctor Who* stories, and even other telefantasy series. When this works, it's great, such as Andy Lane's *Where The Heart Is.* This smoothly wraps up a record-breaking number of loose ends and has a truly emotional scene between the Third Doctor and the Brigadier that brought a lump to my throat. On the other hand, David A McIntee's Sarah Jane Smith story, *Housewarming*, crams far too many familiar *Doctor Who* elements into a small space and then smothers them with embarrassing in-jokes.

Experimentation works far better in short *Doctor Who* fiction than in full-length novels, so I'd happily sacrifice a few *Missing Adventures* each year to make *Decalog* either a bi-annual or quarterly fixture.

More please! And more often!



In the third part of this interview, Nick Briggs continues to ply Nicholas Courtney with videotapes, and memories come flooding back of how the Brigadier weathered the Doctor's third regeneration . . .

Marching in time

"One of the Brigadier's lines in *The Green Death* was 'Doctor, right up your street. Chap's dead – totally green!'" laughs Nick Courtney. "It was one of those wonderful Brigadier lines. It was a good story, although the maggots were my least favourite monsters."

Why's that, I enquire, as *The Green Death* flickers across the television screen?

The Brig taps his nose. He's not telling.

The mysterious silence is shattered by Jo Grant protesting against global pollution. "This story was well ahead of its time," says Nick. "It was before a Green Party had been formed in this country. Before 'environmental' was a word on every politician's lips."

'I'm going to Metebelis III,' announces Jon Pertwee from the screen. "What a mistake," replies Nick. "He was lucky to get back. He got every bit of scenery on hand hurled at him!

"Ah, there I am in my sports gear. Flat cap and all that. I really look like a racing horse trainer there. Nigel Davenport would approve of that outfit."

"[Katy Manning] said something so sweet to me. She said, 'You know, Brig, you get more attractive as you get older . . ."

At this point we digress into discussing racing tips. Not for publication in this magazine, I feel.

"We knew it was Katy Manning's last story. I think there might have been some improvisation around the dinner table in that scene near the end. It was all very emotional. None of us wanted to lose her. I didn't ever tell her 'Don't go', because I don't tell people what to do in life – ever. She thought it was time she moved on. We all adored her. So the goodbye scene was full of tears being held back and stiff upper lips going on. We couldn't have any blubbing, you see. Not allowed to blub.

"The next time I saw her was years later when the BBC held a massive party for Tom Baker. Everyone was there. Katy was over from Australia. I said hello, and she said something so sweet to me. She said, 'You know, Brig, you get more attractive as you get older,' . . . which is a nice thing to say.

"Although Katy was leaving, I didn't feel it was the end of an era, or that it was time for me to move on. I wasn't at all worried who the replacement might be. I think that's because I tend not to think too far ahead — although, of course, sometimes you have to. But, well . . . you trust your producer, don't you? The power behind the series was the producer's. It wasn't in my remit to interfere with that. It's not in my nature. Even if I was the lead character in a series, I wouldn't want to interfere in the running of the show, as long as the part I'm doing is credible and well written. And anyway, what happened? Barry came up trumps with Lis. I didn't meet her at the casting stage, but Jon did and he said, 'Oh, I think there's someone very interesting going to join'. I first met Lis on the read-through of the first story we did together.

"My first impression of her was that she was going to be very good. You could hear at the read-through. She was certainly very different from Katy; but of course, I'd seen quite a few companions come and go by this time. I don't think it fazed me at all. We got on very well with Lis. She'd done an audition for Barry and had come through with flying colours. We were rehearsing upstairs and she was auditioning downstairs. I think she probably had to do a good deal of screaming. She was jolly good, was Lis. She always brought a lot out of the part.

"I like read-throughs, because you hear the balance of voices. It's very interesting. Of course, it's not the final performance, but I think read-throughs are very valuable. As a director, I would always have one. I think they were very helpful. You'd get at least a vague idea of what everyone was going to do.

"You could change lines too. But you had to do it at the read-through — because after that it was too late. After that you were fighting time. The camera scripts had to be ready. You got the scripts a few days before, so you could query anything that really bugged you, but the writer was always there to explain why it was a good line from the writer's point of view. I think it's very important to have the writer there. It was always very relaxed, and you could have a bit of a giggle."

The video tape runs again. "*The Time Warrior* . . . What do I do in that?" Nick looks bewildered at the opening medieval scene. "Am I in this one? Oh, that's Kevin Lindsay as the Sontaran. He was Australian. Very nice chap. I remember him well.

"Good grief!" Nick says as he starts watching his first scene. He clearly has no recollection of it at all. "Stop the tape!" he commands. "Play that bit back again!" The Brig has spotted a mistake. As he informs the Doctor that this "one of the most top secre-security [sic] establishments in the whole country" Nick starts to giggle. He slurred the line! "It was so secret, I couldn't even say the word properly!" he laughs. He continues watching, bemused. "I can't remember any of this at all," he confesses. "Oh, there's Lis."

"Didn't we have long sideburns in the Seventies?"

Another tape enters the VCR and is met with immediate recognition. "Oh, *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*. I remember some of those dinosaurs being quite good, actually. Impressive." I advise Nick to wait and see.

"Aha, look, me on the 'phone again. What a surprise! I remember I enjoyed my scenes with John Bennett, who played the general, because I used to tell him where to get off. He was the villain. Very good actor. Yes, I was very happy in my work at this time.

"I don't think the Brigadier was quite as close to Sarah Jane as he was to Jo Grant at this time. Sarah Jane was a much more independent lass. She was a more modern girl, undaunted by authority types like the Brig. Of course, I was Jo's commanding officer."

Nick watches his first scene with John Bennett. He considers for a moment. Is some great truth about to emerge? "Didn't we have long sideburns in the Seventies?" he says.

"This is the one where Richard Franklin as Captain Yates does a bit of a wobbly and goes over to the other side. Not sure where his loyalties lay! It was interesting that they could do that sort of thing with Yates. It wouldn't work with the Brigadier, because he was always so very sure of where he stood."

Suddenly, a Tyrannosaurus Rex staggers through a building. Time for Nick to reappraise his dinosaur recollections. "Ah, yes," he says. "I suppose it is a little... papier-maché?" He chuckles.

"I remember there was a very good scene in this between Benton and the Brig. Character-wise it was very important. I was very upset when I discovered that they cut it. As you know, it's usually plot, plot, plot all the time. It was nice to have a character scene like that, but they cut it because they didn't think it was important. I can't remember whether it was cut at the producer's run of the rehearsal or whether we shot it and it was cut before transmission. Anyway, it was a great shame, but the exigencies of the plot have to come first.

"They cut a scene in *Battlefield* as well. They cut a good character scene between Ace, Bambera and the Brig. I was glad to see that they included that scene in *More Than Thirty Years in the TARDIS*."

The videos play on and we reach *Planet of the Spiders*. "Ah, the final bash with the spiders. Oh, yes, I like this scene, where the Brig and the Doctor go to the theatre for the evening. I think it's rather funny that the Brigadier is totally bored until the belly dancer appears – 'Extraordinary muscular control'! Then there's Cyril Shaps as the mind reader. He's the one who points out that the Brigadier's watch was given to him by Doris. Well, I'd given her a good time at the weekend in Brighton. I think the Brigadier was still married to Fiona at that time. Or had she left him already by then? No, I think it was the first time the Brigadier had met Doris."

Hold on a minute, what's this business about Fiona?

"Fiona's the Brigadier's first wife," explains Nick.

Who worked that out?

"I worked that out," says Nick, with just a hint of pride. "Yes, that's always been in my head. Fiona was his first wife. She got fed up waiting at home for him when he was gallivanting around with the Doctor — and she left him. But at this stage, Doris was one of the Brig's weekend peccadilloes in Brighton. He was rather fond of her. It was a very interesting development of his character, I thought. They didn't talk to me about it beforehand. Then, as you know, years later, Doris resurfaced. You saw her in person in *Battlefield* in the form of Angela Douglas.

"Of course, Terrance Dicks has always said that he would like to have seen a lily-white arm reach over and answer the phone when the Brigadier is woken up in *The Dæmons*. But that arm that you *don't* see in *The Dæmons* would have been the arm of Fiona, not Doris. But the BBC couldn't have afforded that arm. It would have broken the budget," he laughs.

"*Planet of the Spiders* was a very good story. An adventure-packed yarn. I was impressed by the finished result too. It was a good finale. Horrid spiders, jumping on people's backs. After the maggots, they were my least favourite. The maggots were slimy and the spiders were creepy-crawly. Ugh. I just don't like creepy-crawlies. I don't like finding them in my bed!

"I liked the chase sequence, with Jon in the Whomobile leaping over meadow, brow and bray. I was driving Bessie — not very well,

Far left:
Nicholas Courtney as the Brigadier in *Terror of the Zygons*.
Photo © BBC Video

Below left:
The Brigadier and the Doctor (Jon Pertwee) quiz Dave (Talfryn Thomas) about the strange goings-on down the mines in *The Green Death*.
Photo © BBC

Below right:
The Queen spider possesses Sarah (Elisabeth Sladen) in *Planet of the Spiders*.
Photo © BBC Video

Above: The Brigadier and Sarah take a spin in the Doctor's car, Bessie, in *Planet of the Spiders*. Photo © BBC Video

according to Jon Pertwee. Jon always said I didn't drive very well. He was always very rude about my driving. I don't think I'm that bad a driver.

"I was very sad that Jon was leaving. Perhaps I was next for the chop?" he laughs. "I knew I was going to do *Robot*, but then I knew there was going to be nothing after that. The old team were all leaving.

"I actually knew Jon was going before we did *Planet of the Spiders*. I'm not certain exactly when, but I was certainly alerted. Barry said, 'Well, stand by, because you've got to do the changeover to Tom, which will happen in *Planet of the Spiders*, and then you must do the first one with Tom.' Of course, it also came out that Terrance and Barry were leaving too. But generally on *Doctor Who* you hadn't got much time to find out about things like that. I'm not an overly curious person anyway. I'm a great believer in taking things as they come. If you worry too much about what's going to happen, then you drive yourself a bit mad. 'Do not distress yourself with imaginings'.

"Doris was one of the Brig's weekend peccadilloes in Brighton."

"I remember rewriting my lines in the regeneration scene. The original lines weren't very inspiring. Well, they just had me doing nothing. That's why I said, 'Here we go again'. The actual regeneration took a hell of a lot of time. I had to wait around in the studio for ages while Jon Pertwee lay on the floor. Then Tom Baker lay on the floor. Tom hadn't come to rehearsals, so that was the first time I'd met him. He was formally introduced to everyone. You know, now, Tom always refers to Jon as 'His Eminence'. There was no real tension on the set, but, yes, I think there was sadness."

The *Robot* video begins, and for the third time the Brigadier phones the medical officer. He'd made two previous, aborted calls to him during *Planet of the Spiders*.

"At last!" cries Nick as Ian Marter appears on screen. "As you know, later I became very close to Ian, but this time, during the recording, I hardly knew him at all.

"Tom's approach to the part was far more eccentric and flamboyant. I always thought he was a mixture between Tom Jones and Harpo Marx. I just adjusted. I thought his costume was lovely, although I did keep tripping over his scarf. If I was following him in a scene, it was a bit awkward.

"I got on with Tom well. I liked him. We used to go out a lot, Tom and I. We used to go out on the town. He was good company, so it seemed a sensible thing to do. It started when, at the end of a rehearsal, Tom did a gesture to me signifying pouring a drink down his throat. We used to go to the pub, and he would look across the bar, then lean across to me and say, 'Do you think she does the deed?' Perhaps he thought I was a gregarious sort of chap. He came and stayed with me one night. My children rushed into the bathroom in the morning, and there was Tom in the bath, stark naked. Didn't seem to worry him.

"*Robot* was filmed at the same place as *Spearhead from Space*, Evesham. Peculiar, returning to the same location for another first story for a new Doctor. But I was happier this time. Christopher Barry is a great director, and of course I had that wonderful line, 'I just wish there were some monsters that weren't impervious to military might,' or something like that. Michael Kilgariff was inside that robot, and it was quite difficult for him to remain in it for a long time. It wasn't papier-maché! I felt rather sorry for that robot, I remember, when he finally got his come-uppance. I liked that element of it not being a villainous character *per se*. It was just being used by villainous people. It was a rather sympathetic character, with obvious similarities to King Kong, with Lis Sladen as the Fay Wray character. What would I have been? Bruce Cabot, I suppose.

"Again, it was a very good story. I liked it. A good one for Tom to start with. Then, there was at least a year before I came back. The Doctor went off into space, and Earth stories were stopped."

In part one of this feature [**DWM** 226], Nick mentioned how much Tom Baker's attitude had changed by the time the two worked together again in *Terror of the Zygons*. After the producer's run, all the notes were for Tom, which apparently upset him somewhat. "He was very shirty. He sort of exploded. 'Here, what do you think, Mister?!' I was taken aback. I think Tom was a bit rattled. The notes were rather critical of Tom and the character, which he'd had for a year! Usually, the notes are concerned with the particular story, and the different emphases needed from the visiting characters, i.e. myself. But there weren't any notes for me.

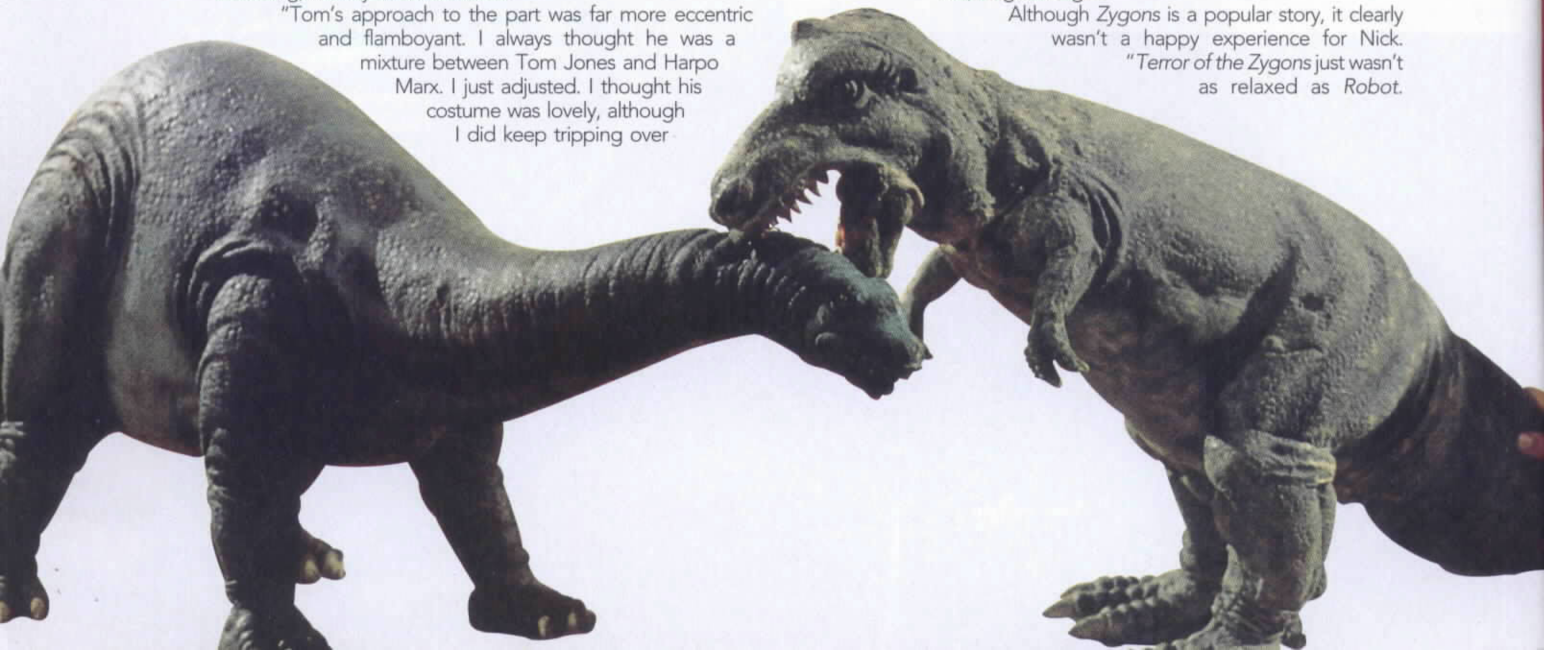
"I didn't get on with Tom as well. I don't know why. He seemed to have changed a lot in that one year. He just wasn't quite as friendly as he was during *Robot*. It just didn't seem as easy working with him the second time."

I suggest that it might have been because he was so wrapped up in the work. "No," says Nick, "I think he was just off on his own plain, and I think the rest of us were left to sort of scramble behind him, basically. Interestingly, that comes across in the story with the Doctor being off in his own thoughts a lot of the time. Yes, there wasn't so much contact as I remember. He was off in his own world.

"When I saw the script of *Terror of the Zygons*, I thought, 'Hello, this Sullivan guy's in it again'. I thought he was taking over my part! He wasn't, of course. John Woodnutt was in it too, which was nice, because I'd worked with him before in *Spearhead from Space*. At some point in the studio recording, we walked in and there was John Woodnutt with Broton's head on, wearing a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and doing the *Times* crossword. A Zygon doing the *Times* crossword! Lovely.

"I also liked the fact that they brought out Lethbridge-Stewart's Scottish background. The actual Scottish background in the story was Bognor Regis!"

Although *Zygons* is a popular story, it clearly wasn't a happy experience for Nick. "*Terror of the Zygons* just wasn't as relaxed as *Robot*.



Below: The terrifying threat from the past in *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*. Photo © BBC

I don't know why," he says. Perhaps, for him, the golden age of UNIT was over. Had he ever considered turning down the job in this story?

"No, because I'd done quite a lot of *Doctor Who* and I'd been involved with it and liked it, liked my character. I'd been able to develop it a bit, and all that. Certainly, I'm not one to turn down work just like that. But, by now it was just another little job to do. It wasn't all-consuming in my life. Before, with the Jon Pertwee stories, it was continual. I lived and breathed it, as it were. Now, it's a bigger part of my life. But then, all the organisation of fandom hadn't started. I think the first convention I went to was in 1978, a few years after *Terror of the Zygons*.

"But I was just terribly unhappy, because I was convinced that this was the end; that I was going out, not with a bang, but with a whimper. I thought no one was going to be interested any more. I was wrong. But I felt very rejected. What could I do? If the Doctor was going off into space and they didn't want to employ Courtney, that was it. I felt rejected and lonely.

"I think the finished product was very good. It was that Douglas Camfield touch again. Terrific. He had a tremendous sense of pace. He had this sense of keeping the story moving. Always very enthusiastic. The only element that wasn't very successful was the Skarasen, the Loch Ness monster. I thought the Zygons themselves were rather good."

Above: Nicholas Courtney, Elisabeth Sladen and Tom Baker in rehearsal for *Robot*. Photo © BBC Video

As it turned out, there were two more stories in that season which were surely ear-marked to feature the Brigadier, *The Android Invasion* and *The Seeds of Doom*. "Well, at one point, they did say they wanted me for another story. I was booked by my agent, then the day before, they rang and cancelled it and said, 'No, we've changed our minds. It's a different story now.' It was weird. Now, I think I had turned down another job to do this *Doctor Who*. I was very annoyed. So when they assumed I was going to be free for the next one, I said, 'Sorry, I've got a tour. You'll have to find someone else' — which they did."

Somewhat tactlessly, I suggest that it's lucky for Nick they didn't just recast the Brigadier.

"What, stick a moustache on someone else?!" laughs Nick. "No, there's only one Brig! They said I was in Geneva — attending a WHO conference perhaps? That's World Health Organisation, by the way!"

Some years later, Nick met producer John Nathan-Turner at Tom Baker's farewell party. "He eventually came up to me," explains Nick, "and said, 'Look, you probably don't remember me.' I said, 'I think I do. You used to work on *Who*'. He did, he used to be a floor assistant or something like that. He said, 'Well, I'm the producer now. I wonder, would you like to come back to *Doctor Who*?' I said, 'Yes, when?' He said he didn't know yet; but one morning he rang me up and said, 'Well, this is the story. There are two of you — but you only get one fee!'."

◆

Next issue: the concluding instalment of this interview takes up the Brigadier's story with *Mawdryn Undead*, the tale which returned Nick Courtney to the *Doctor Who* fold after a seven-year absence.

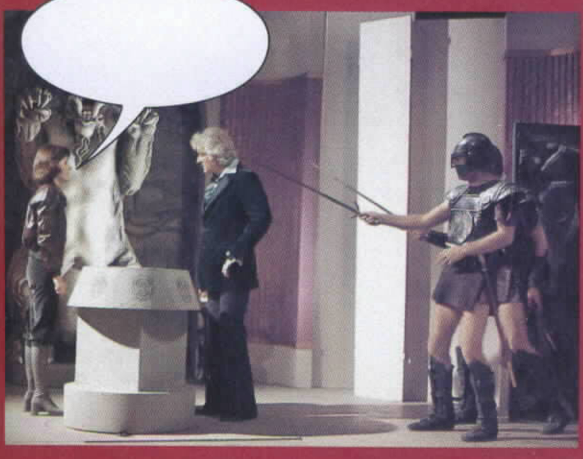
Crazy Caption!

Here is your chance to win one of TEN copies of *The Mark of the Rani*, kindly donated by BBC Video.

All you have to do is come up with the funniest caption you can to go with the picture shown below. The best ten will win a video. We'll print a few of our favourites in a future issue.

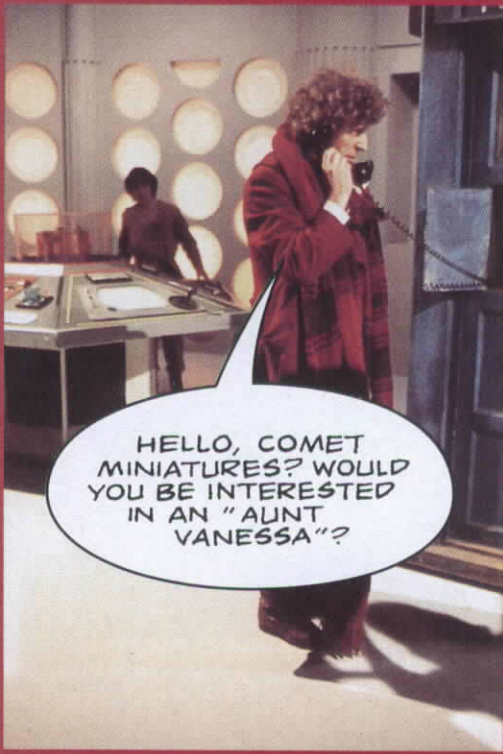
Send your entry on the back of a postcard to CRAZY CAPTION 228 at the editorial address on page three. The closing date for entries is second post on 7th September.

The usual Marvel competition rules apply.



Crazy Caption 224 result

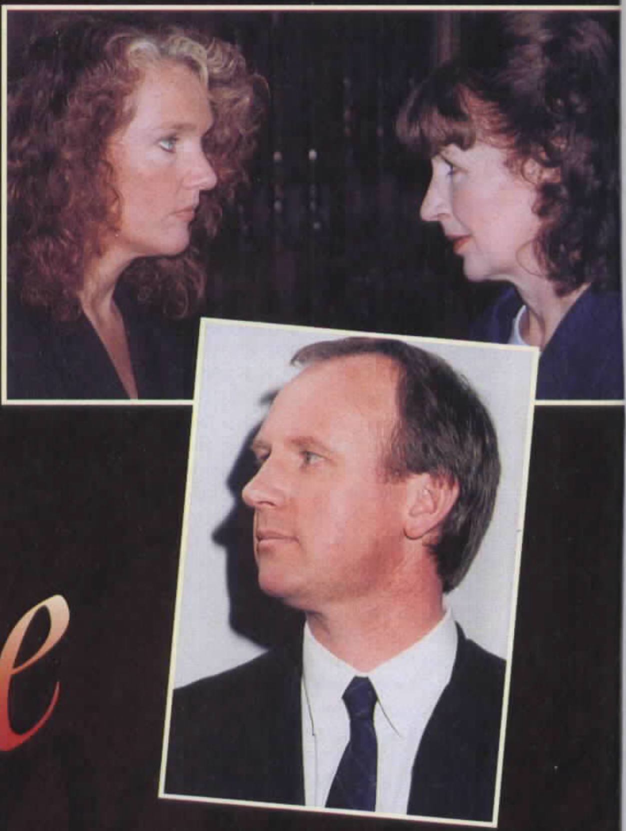
We were snowed under with entries for the first Crazy Caption competition, but after an office vote we chose ten winners, each of which will receive a copy of the BBC Video of *The Android Invasion*. Our favourite caption, from **Andrew Dobson** of Bognor Regis, is shown left. We also particularly enjoyed "Oh, Hi Nyssa! How are you . . ? Uh-huh – And Tremas . .?" from J Bateman of Stourbridge and "This is not Cheltenam 97640 and no, I don't know whether Tracy can come out tonight." from Paul King of Leatherhead, although we're not sure why.



HELLO, COMET MINIATURES? WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN AN "AUNT VANESSA"?

A warning to the curious . . .

The Devil of Winterborne



P.R.O.B.E. returns in ***The Devil of Winterborne*** (BBV 11) by Mark Gatiss, produced and directed by Bill Baggs. **Caroline John** and **Louise Jameson** reprise their roles as Liz Shaw and Patricia Haggard in this exciting sequel to the very popular *The Zero Imperative.*

Also starring

Peter Davison

Terry Molloy and **Geoffrey Beevers**

Latest BBV prices

VIDEO:

Summoned by Shadows (BBV 1) £5.00
More than a Messiah (BBV 2) £5.00
In Memory Alone (BBV 3) £6.00
The AirZone Solution (BBV 4) £10.00
Stranger than Fiction (BBV 5) £10.00
The Terror Game (BBV 6) £12.00
Breach of the Peace (BBV 7) £12.00
The Zero Imperative (BBV 8) £13.00
Stranger than Fiction II (BBV 9) £12.00
Eye of the Beholder (BBV 10) £24.00

AUDIO: The Stranger Chronicles 1 + 2 £5.35 each

Mail order address and further details:
3, Douglas Crescent, Bitterne, Southampton, Hants. SO19 5JP

Please make cheques payable to BBV. Prices include postage and packing

COMING SOON

THE RETURN OF THE CYBERMEN . . .

Timelines

compiled by **Scott Gray**

Send your letters to:
Timelines
Doctor Who Magazine
Marvel Comics Ltd
Arundel House
13 - 15 Arundel Street
London WC2R 3DX

Ribos Rebuttal

I've just bought Issue 225, and was somewhat surprised at Craig Hinton's review of the classic *The Ribos Operation*. I don't think that Season Sixteen's opening story got a particularly in-depth or fair review, and I'd like to make a few points in the defence of an unjustly derided Tom Baker story.

Craig says Binro's emotional speech is the only good dialogue and that there are over-the-top performances. Paul Seed excells as the Graff Vynda-K (a character not mentioned in the review), playing the part with a fanatical zeal appropriate for a deposed tyrant. He acts as a counterpoint to the humorous and deftly skilled banter between Unstoffe and Garron. They are no more comical than, say, *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*'s Litefoot and Jago, and their presence in the tale might have been irritating had the actors not been of the calibre of Nigel Plaskitt and Iain Cuthbertson who is clearly enjoying himself playing his character off against Tom Baker. On the other hand, the grizzled veteran Sholakh provides the perfect foil for the Graff.

The key to this story's success is that the humour *is* held in check, unlike *The Pirate Planet*, an equally good story but flawed in the sense that Douglas Adams' script had the humour played to the hilt. Adams himself said the concept for the story was humorous but should have been played in a serious manner and this neglect lets the story down slightly when compared to the interpretation of Adams' *City of Death*. But in *The Ribos Operation* the humour is in the script, typical of the great wit of the late Robert Holmes. As for the "tediously dull plot": Parts One and Two, which take the form of the conmen's "sting" on the Graff and his realisation of their betrayal, fly past at a fantastic rate. The third episode introduces Binro and the Seeker, and also switches location from the jewel room to the concourse and the catacombs to prevent any dragging of plot. The fourth episode leads to a well-rounded conclusion in which all is neatly resolved. The sets and costumes are most effective and Dudley Simpson's score is as reliable as ever, with the music for the lighting of the lamps in the jewel room being mystically enchanting in particular.

If you want an example of a *Doctor Who* story that is not Robert Holmes' finest hour, I would suggest *The Krotons, The Space Pirates* or *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts One to Four. *The Ribos Operation* is a story which abounds with originality, wit, pace and a fine sense of dramatic irony. Four stars for a story that is definitely more enjoyable than watching paint dry.

Nick Stewart
Londonderry,
N Ireland.

I have not had the opportunity to sample many of the *New Adventures* that have been published over the years, but the few that I have read have been the most enjoyable journeys through time and space ever. I'm no great critic, but I can tell that the authors have put a lot of thought and care into these fine novels. To date, my favourite *New Adventures* have got to be *The Highest Science, First Frontier* and *Warlock*. Brilliant stuff!

Secondly, on hearing of the up-and-coming production of *Cyber-War* (**DWM** 224), I could not help but back-track to a BBV advertisement placed in **DWM** 218 promising: "Coming soon from BBV – The Cybermen in *Sword of Orion*!" Is this the same production or was *Sword of Orion* cancelled? Please could you clear this little matter for me as it does, for some strange reason, have some importance to me (I am extremely fanatical about the silvery automatons, only matched by my fondness for the pepper-pot things!).

Adrian Tolman
Esperance,
Western Australia.

Yes indeed, Adrian, Sword of Orion *was the initial title for the forthcoming video adventure* Cyber-War.

Philip Segal

After reading *The Man Who Owns Doctor Who* [**DWM** 226], there is one particular point that concerns me.

Philip Segal stated, "[*Doctor Who*] belongs to the fans, it doesn't belong to anybody else." That is the same mistaken philosophy that caused John Nathan-Turner and Eric Saward to produce several introverted seasons with too many stories featuring old enemies such as *Attack of the Cybermen*. How many viewers could really piece together events from as far back as *The Tenth Planet, The Tomb of the Cybermen* and *The Invasion* to fully appreciate this story? The result was that it alienated a large section of the public. It was probably a contributing factor to the now infamous hiatus.

In fact, *Doctor Who*'s decline in popularity only started when organised fandom became, well, more organised.

Philip Hinchcliffe got it about right when he said that he aimed *Doctor Who* at intelligent fourteen-year-olds. The programme should be targeted at imaginative teenagers (not a minority of fans) with adult themes for older viewers and good monsters and special effects for younger ones. Naturally, a strong narrative also helps.

Mr Segal, I applaud your commitment to retain the show's "Britishness" but please don't produce it just for the fans.

Doctor Who should be for as many people as possible.

Ian J Shimwell
Cheadle,
Cheshire.

Thank you for printing the interview with Philip Segal. Doubtless there are things that people disagree with in Mr Segal's vision of the future of *Doctor Who*, but one cannot question his integrity.

Many fans seem reluctant to allow the programme to progress into a high-tech, glossy show, preferring *Doctor Who*'s return to be the traditional BBC videotaped production of old. I also loved the early episodes and the stories continued to captivate me until the end but, quite frankly, it was beginning to look amateurish in the light of so many more professional, cinematic-level productions. I applaud the state of the art video effects employed to make stories such as *Time and the Rani* and *Survival* so exciting but in the regular (non-effects) scenes the show lacked polish and style.

However, a glossy, expensive series does not necessarily equate with success. Hopefully Mr Segal has learned from his experience with *SeaQuest DSV* (at least he admits to its failings). At the end of the day, it is the stories and characters which will make or break the return of *Doctor Who*.

The programme always excelled in these areas – with high production values to match, the show should win back the legion of deserted viewers it lost along the way.

Peter Frankum
Reading,
Berkshire.

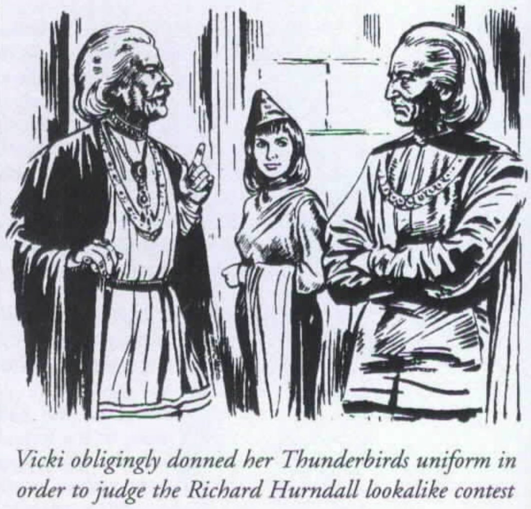
The interview with Philip Segal really made me think. After all this time, some real, hard facts on the future of *Doctor Who*, and about time, too. It's great to see that it's in good hands – Segal obviously loves the programme which means, all going well, that we will see some proper *Doctor Who* again, with no rapping TARDISes or talking robot cats. Anyway, good luck to him.

Craig Hinton has finally left, I see . . . Well,

►

Off TARGET

by Quiquaequod



Vicki obligingly donned her Thunderbirds uniform in order to judge the Richard Hurndall lookalike contest

I always enjoyed his reviews, although I didn't always agree with him. He's caused a lot of controversy in his time, but he's been a good reviewer and you should be proud of him. Some people will be pleased to see him go, I suppose . . . Anyway, good luck to him with his novel writing. I'll buy *Millennial Rites.*

My copy of *Goth Opera* has a different cover to the one shown in **DWM**: Nyssa hasn't got any blood on her. I would guess that this is because it was seen as too nasty for a *Doctor Who* book. Why weren't they all changed?

Kevyn Roegele
Dereham,
Norfolk.

Actually, Kevyn, they were – the blood-stained shot of Nyssa only went out on the promotional proofs for Goth Opera. *Amblin appears to be out of the picture now (at least officially), but the wheels seem to finally be in motion for the Anglo-American* Doctor Who *. . .*

I am writing in response to Ian C Hamilton's letter in **DWM** 225. I wholeheartedly agree – I hope that there is great success with Amblin's proposed continuation of *Doctor Who.* I am looking forward to its comeback. People should stop complaining about Amblin. If they can succeed with *E.T.* and *Jurassic Park,* they can certainly succeed with *Doctor Who.* However, Amblin must keep the series' British background. *Doctor Who* wouldn't be *Doctor Who* without its British actors, actresses and atmosphere. Completely Americanizing *Doctor Who* would destroy what the series stands for. Then again, as already expressed by **DWM**, BBC British *Doctor Who* in the hands of American Amblin may turn out to be spectacular, like nothing else ever produced, despite cultural clashes.

I would rather watch *Doctor Who* than almost anything else. *Doctor Who* has come too far to give up now. In light of its past I have no doubt that *Doctor Who* as a British/American fantasy/sci-fi series will regain its following and rise to the top.

Erin M Faulkner
California,
USA.

Andrew Cartmel

The Andrew Cartmel interview confirmed my suspicions about the most recent script editor of *Doctor Who.*

Many fans feel that the show is so flexible that it can be practically anything. While this may be true, I don't think that the audience in general is willing to accept certain styles of storytelling. Cartmel claims that he wanted the show to be "funky". Stories like *The Happiness Patrol* reflect this. However, while the fans recognised that it was a parody of the Thatcher government, I suspect that all the casual viewers recognised were strawberry milkshake executions and a homicidal Bertie Bassett!

Cartmel's view of the TARDIS leaves a lot to be desired as well. I resent the TARDIS scenes of the Davison era (and indeed the Hartnell era) being described as "*Neighbours* with roundels on the wall". These scenes added reality to the formula, making it more believable. They gave *Doctor Who* a family atmosphere, something appreciated by fans and casual viewers alike.

As the series was struggling to survive at the time, I feel that to change the format so radically was a big mistake and reflected Cartmel's lack of understanding of what was good for *Doctor Who.*

I don't wish this letter to be interpreted as an attack on Andrew, as there is much I like about his time on the show, but I do believe that he lacked the maturity of his predecessors.

William R Hadcroft
Worsley,
Manchester.

Dearth of the Daleks

Where are the Daleks?! Ever since the *New Adventures* began in 1991 I have been waiting for them to appear. Don't get me wrong, there are some wonderful stories that grab my attention with the covers alone, but there are no Daleks.

The last time I saw them was in the **DWM** comic strip *Emperor of the Daleks* – a good story, worthy of Terry Nation himself, but I would like to see them in the *New Adventures.* Other old enemies have been featured, but when will the mutated misfits from Skaro appear?

Jeffrey Galus
Omaha,
USA.

Sadly, the Daleks have encountered an even bigger threat than the Doctor, Jeffrey – legal complications. Virgin would very much like to publish a Dalek-based New Adventure, *but problems with gaining the rights to use them mean that they won't be invading Virgin Books in the near future.*

Video Doctor?

I was delighted to read about *Downtime* and the new Cybermen story in production. It goes to show that *Doctor Who* will never die. This prompted me to think: if the Cybermen, Sontarans, Yeti and companions can return, why can't the Doctor himself? Why not produce a proper *Doctor Who* story with BBV, The World Leisure Corporation and Dreamwatch Media working together? If this happened I have great confidence that the results would be a success. As for the cost, well, look at *Shakedown* – the spaceships were impressive, as were the costumes and the explosion at the end.

Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred could play the Doctor and Ace again. If this happens, it could be released through the shops on video. I wonder what other readers think, and I wonder what the response would be.

Anthony Hodge
Middlesbrough,
Cleveland.

Unfortunately, Anthony, I can guess what the immediate response would be from a bunch of lawyers in Los Angeles: while Philip Segal retains the rights to make new Doctor Who, *no-one else can use the character (or the TARDIS) in a new video production, or even refer to him by name – remember the reference to "The Dentist" in* Shakedown? *For the time being, we'll just have to enjoy stories based on the friends and enemies of our favourite Time Lord, while we await his return . . .*

COMING IN ISSUE 229

Downtime

We take a look at this new *Doctor Who* spin-off adventure and talk to Elisabeth Sladen, Debbie Watling, Chistopher Barry and Marc Platt . . .

Nicholas Courtney

Nicholas Courtney continues to share his memories of his time as the Brigadier in this in-depth series of interviews.

The Curse of the Scarab Part Two

by Alan Barnes and Martin Geraghty
The troubled production of *The Curse of the Scarab* film is about to run into another hurdle: the imminent rebirth of a god . . .

The Face of Evil

A comprehensive archive on this Tom Baker adventure with never-before-published photographs, complete cast list, story details and background information.

Meridians Part Three *by Andrew Cartmel*

The dramatic climax: the Doctor and Ace are forced to confront a deadly creature older than humanity . . .

on sale 3rd August

Fluid Links

Box of Delights

“Let me get this straight. A thing that looks like a police box standing in a junkyard. It can move anywhere in time and space . . . But that's ridiculous!”

Of course it is. The whole idea is preposterous. And yet the fantastically impossible nature of the TARDIS is one of the defining features of *Doctor Who*. The police box shape remains the only unchanging image in the programme's entire history. From *100,000 BC* to *Survival*, the Doctor has regenerated, companions have come and gone, enemies have risen and been swiftly vanquished; only the police box has remained a constant still-point at the centre of all the chaos, excitement and adventure.

The BBC Head of Drama, Sydney Newman, was the first to realise the importance of the physical appearance of the Doctor's ship. It is reported that Newman was unhappy with the early ideas of the TARDIS's outward appearance. Before they finally agreed upon a police box, the production office had come up with several other ideas: a transparent plastic bubble, a nightwatchmen's shelter and an object made invisible from being coated in “light-resistant paint”. Newman rejected them all as he felt that they were not visually appealing. He wanted the programme to represented by a “tangible symbol” which would make everyone immediately think of *Doctor Who*. It was Anthony Coburn, writer of the first story, who finally came up with the idea for the eventual shape of the ship. Three decades later, it seems unthinkable that they could have chosen anything else.

The TARDIS has always been more of a magical device than a piece of science-fiction hardware

The police box image conjures different meanings and associations for different generations of Doctor Who fans. When *An Unearthly Child* was first broadcast, the police box was an everyday object on Britain's streets, as familiar as a red public telephone box or a half-crown. For many younger fans, the police box has always been a nostalgic, old-fashioned image, belonging to a more innocent age. I suspect that over the years, as the real police telephone box has been made obsolete by the two-way radio and the squad car, the TARDIS has lost its association with policing altogether. I remember coming across a publicity photograph in *NME* of Sting, then with the rock band The Police, standing outside the TARDIS. It took me a few moments to make the connection.

To suggest, however, that it is only the distinctive design of the police box which has made the TARDIS the symbol of the programme would be doing a great disservice to the concept of the time machine and its unique physical properties . . .

“If you could keep that exactly [box] that distance away and have it here, the large one would fit inside the small one.”

“That's silly.”

“That's transdimensional engineering: a key Time Lord discovery.”

The idea of the TARDIS being bigger on the inside than the outside *is* inordinately silly, and no amount of technobabble about “dimensional transcendence” will convince me otherwise. The TARDIS has always been more of a magical device than a piece of science-fiction hardware. Where it differs from the spacecraft of *2001: A Space Odyssey* is in the fact that we will never travel through time in telephone boxes (more's the pity!). The TARDIS represents not the technological possibilities of the future but a fantastical escape from the present.

It is not the first ordinary object to provide a gateway to other worlds and adventures. The TARDIS has much in common with the wardrobe in the Narnia novels by CS Lewis, much more than it does with other conventional spaceships like the Liberator or the Enterprise. There is a touching similarity between the Doctor's hatstand in the console room and the lamp-post from the forest in Narnia. Both of these humdrum objects have found their way through the gateway into the fantastic places beyond the ordinary façade; that they are both completely out of place serves to remind us just how exotic the realms we have entered really are.

I am not the first person to make the connection between the TARDIS and a library or a book – the actual description “bigger on the inside than the out” has been used to refer to books before. The TARDIS is deeply reminiscent of fantasy books for both children and adults, and not only in the Narnia books. Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland in Wonderland* and Michael Ende's *The Neverending Story* also involve a “dimensional transcendence” of one form or another. Similarly in Clive Barker's *Hellraiser* films and his *Weaveworld* novel, small everyday objects (a puzzle box and a carpet) provide the key to mysterious, fantastic and often terrifying lands. Like the lands in those stories, we rarely have time to grow tired or complacent about the interior of the TARDIS. The glimpses of the TARDIS interior at the beginning of a new story have always felt all too brief, only ever offering a suggestion of the sprawling labyrinth of passages and glories beyond.

Part of the enormous attraction of the concept of *Doctor Who* must surely be the magical quality of the TARDIS itself. The notion that we might stumble over a battered blue police box which isn't really a police box at all and be rescued from the everyday is part of the point and pleasure of being a fan.

Call here for help. Assistance obtainable immediately. Pull to open. *Hurrah!*

Matthew Jones

Meridians

by Andrew Cartmel

Part Two

In a dingy upstairs office in London, a man was performing acupuncture on a young woman. Thin summer sunlight shone in through the yellowed window panes.

"I think I know why I'm here," said the girl. Silver pins gleamed in the smooth, tanned skin of her back.

"Oh, really?" The man lit a small cylinder of herbs, like a cigar. "And why is that?"

"It's not a problem with my body at all. It's a problem with my mind," the girl said. She frowned thoughtfully as the man burned herbs behind her.

"What sort of problem?" The man bent over her back. Smoke drifted in delicate curls.

"I don't remember."

"Relax," said the man. "Perhaps this will help you remember." He gently applied the burning herbs to the head of a needle and the warmth raced down the silver, like lightning down a wire, into the flesh of the girl's back. The pleasant sensation sent bright images into her mind, a flood of memories.

Memories of a glowing silver dagger, not fashioned for human hands. It glowed in the hands of a girl called Caroline Wade.

*

Caroline was kneeling in a tent in a snowstorm. All around her was the sound of tearing fabric. The storm was ripping its way into the tent, and it was bringing the night with it. Caroline screamed but her voice was lost in the greater screaming of the wind.

Outside, in the heavy blowing snow, Ace and the Doctor were crouched by a barbed wire fence at the edge of the highway, helping a fat, cursing man free himself. The man had told them he was called Harry Ross. He was a skip tracer, a professional bounty hunter who had been hired by a man called Binghamton.

"It seems that this Binghamton guy works in a museum. Runs it in fact. He's what they call the curator. Anyhow, he wouldn't normally be in the museum after hours on a Sunday but it seems he – ouch."

"Sorry," said Ace, unwrapping the curl of barbed wire that had caught Harry Ross on his chin.

"No problem," said Harry rubbing the tiny cut. "I've done worse things to myself shaving. Anyhow, Binghamton goes back to his museum for some papers and finds this piece of jewellery missing. Some kind of old silver Indian knife. Seems his cute little assistant has scooped it up and taken off with it. So he gets on the phone to me. In my job there's no such thing as Sunday. I'm available for work seven days a week. Thanks."

Harry rose shakily to his feet as the Doctor and Ace peeled the last strand of barbed wire off him. "So Binghamton hires me and I love it. For once I'm on the case while the trail is still good and hot. I get my butt in gear and take off after this museum girl. And luck's with me. Guy at a gas station remembers her."

Harry slapped his fat blue-jeaned thighs, getting the clinging snow off the denim. "So I know what route she's taking. Better than that, a few miles back from here I find her car, broken down. But it's empty. So I figure she must be hitching. Then I see your old junker parked there." He nodded to the station wagon parked by the highway. "And I figure I'll ask you if you seen anything. But it's getting dark and I blunder into that damned fence. Thanks for helping me get up off my fat clumsy ass, by the way."

"No worries," said Ace.

"Anyhow, have you seen this girl? Little blondie about so tall and nicely built. Name of Caroline Wade."

The Doctor and Ace exchanged a look. "No, unfortunately there is no one here by that name. Just the two of us."

"Fine," a grin spread across Harry's fat face. "I'll leave you to get on with your little camping trip." He winked at the Doctor and turned to go. Then he turned back. For a fleeting moment there was a troubled expression on his face. "But here's the weirdest thing. This Binghamton is desperate to get the girl back. But not because he wants the knife. No. It's her he's worried about. Says she's in real danger. Says the knife is cursed." Harry shrugged and chuckled. "What a fruitcake, huh?

Just then the wind dropped for a moment and in the freak silence they all heard Caroline's voice rising in the night in a shriek of pure terror.

"I"m afraid that contradicts your story, folks," said Harry Ross, hefting his shotgun. But the Doctor and Ace weren't listening. They were already racing back to the tent.

"Doctor! Look!"

A lithe shadowy shape was writhing into the tent. A long jagged slit had been ripped in the side and the thing was spreading the hole apart. Ace's stomach turned over. She could only see it indistinctly in the flashlight beam and falling snow but what she saw stirred up an atavistic disgust in her that was close to fear. The thing was thin and pale, long-limbed and sinuous. It made Ace think of a hairless monkey, a seal, an otter.

The creature seemed to hear them coming. It swiftly wriggled back out of the slit. There was no awkwardness or hesitation in its movement. The act of retreating was a smooth, liquid reversal of its attempt to invade the tent.

"It's getting away." Ace lunged towards it, but then she stopped as if paralysed. The thing was half standing now, crouching and turning to look at her in the moonlight. It was a man. But even seeing him clearly Ace couldn't shake off the impression she had of something sleek and smooth and quite inhuman. The thing was hairless and naked except for a loincloth but the cold didn't seem to trouble it.

It had the limbs and proportions of a human being but the way it moved was all wrong. There was a boneless limberness that wasn't like a living thing at all. More like flowing water. Or smoke, Ace thought as she stood rooted. The thing was looking at her with dark eyes set deep in a face that had no brows. The ears were close to the skull and came to a distinct point. Ace realised that there was no way she could force herself to get any nearer to the thing, let alone touch it.

It wasn't a matter of fear in any usual sense. Fear implied a moment of decision when your nerve failed. Here there was no question of decision. The decision had been made before Ace was born, made a million years ago and programmed in her genes.

Ace stood knowing she wasn't going to move. She stared at the thing, her whole being flinching away from it in revulsion. It looked like a man but it wasn't. It wasn't human. It was wrong. It shouldn't be here. Not in this world. Not in this century. The thing seemed to understand her helplessness. It looked at Ace and smiled and she saw it had a mouth full of strangely tiny teeth. Ace felt naked in front of the thing and quite helpless. For a long nightmare moment it grinned at her and seemed about to move towards her.

But then the Doctor came lunging past her in the snow and the thing's expression changed. Ace saw something in its eyes that might have been fear before it turned and slipped away to vanish into the darkness.

The Doctor came trudging back to Ace. "It's gone."

Ace felt close to tears. "I'm sorry. I was going to tackle it. But then I couldn't. I just couldn't make myself do it."

"I know. It's all right." He put a hand on her shoulder.

But then there were sounds, muffled by the wind and damply falling snow. Twin explosions.

"Gunshots."

"Harry!"

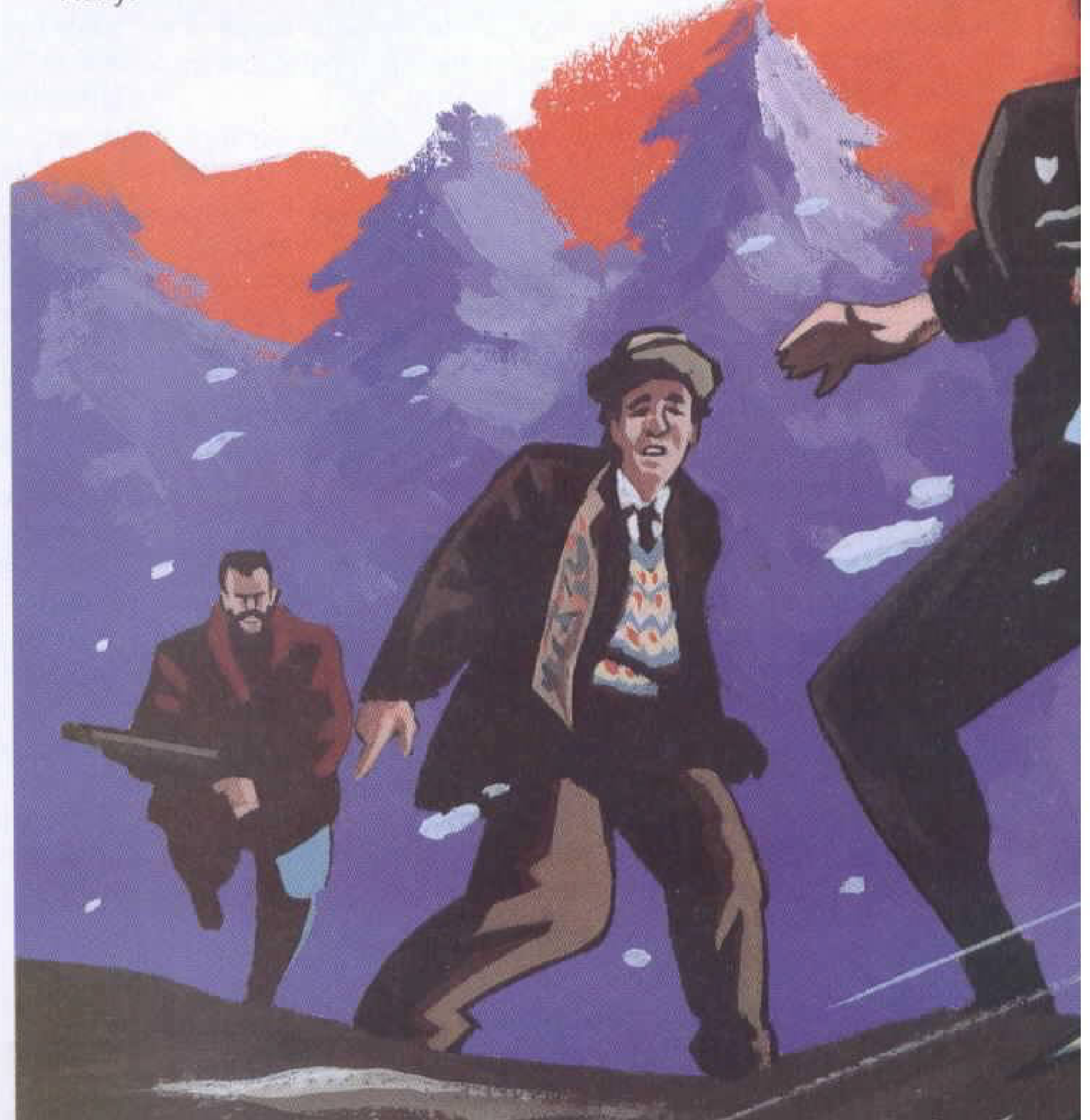


Illustration by Adrian Salmon

They battled through the heavy storm winds. The sounds seemed to have come from the direction of the highway, near the barbed wire fence. They ran through the darkness until they almost stumbled over a big shape lying in the snow. There was a slaughterhouse smell and something warm and wet was steaming in the freezing night.

There was a strange low sound. It came from the thing at their feet and Ace realised it was Harry. He was talking to them.

"Where did it go?" Harry said. Steam rose from his mouth and Ace tried to not imagine that it was his soul, slipping out of his body into the cold night sky.

"There's a cave down there," said the Doctor, kneeling beside Harry. "That's where it went."

The fat man gestured for them to come closer, as if he slowly wanted to impart a confidence or tell a dirty joke. "I think I hit it," he chuckled. The chuckle turned into a cough but he struggled for a moment and managed to control it. "I gave it both barrels and I think I hit the sucker."

The Doctor put a hand gently on the fat man's forehead. Harry was sweating despite the sub-zero temperature. "I guess I got a gut wound," he said.

"I'm afraid so."

"They say that's the worst kind." He frowned thoughtfully. "The sucker sure moved fast. I didn't even see what kind of weapon he had." Harry"s voice had dwindled to a faint wheezing. Ace bent close to hear what he said. "I guess he had some kind of knife, or a straight razor, huh?"

"No." The Doctor shook his head. "He did this with his bare hands."

"Bare hands?" said Harry Ross in a puzzled voice. "No, that can't be right."

And then he died.

The Doctor crouched there beside the corpse in the teeth of the gathering storm. His face was a mask of pain and rage. "This should not have happened," he said fiercely.

Ace tugged at him. "Come back to the tent, Doctor." But the Doctor remained there, kneeling in the snow in the freezing night. Ace had just about given up trying to move him when suddenly he stood up. He began moving quickly, but not towards the tent. He walked in the opposite direction, across the field into the killing wind, shining his torch.

"What are you looking for?" screamed Ace against the howling gale.

"Blood."

The Doctor shone his torch into the heavily falling veil of snow and Ace saw a spoor of dark stains trickling away across the snow, down the night covered pasture, towards the cleft in the rocks.

Towards the Cave of the Ancients.

"Come on. Before we freeze to death." The Doctor reluctantly let Ace lead him back to the tent.

There Ace comforted Caroline Wade. The girl was incoherent, crying hysterically. Ace understood. Caroline had seen the thing close up. It had almost got into the tent with her. While Caroline sobbed and Ace mumbled nonsensical comforting syllables the Doctor mended the rips in the side of the tent using adhesive patches. Ace kept thinking that outside Harry Ross was lying dead under a thickening blanket of snow. There was nothing they could do for him.

Once the hole was sealed and the windblown snow shovelled out, the tent warmed up quite quickly. Outside, the wind continued its perpetual howling. Finally Caroline quieted and fell asleep in Ace's arms. Ace rocked her like a baby for a little while then gently let go of her, settling the girl onto a sleeping bag.

Ace watched her doze. She would have liked to go to sleep herself, but she couldn't. Despite a bone-deep exhaustion she knew she couldn't sleep. She kept remembering the thing and the look on its face as it stared at her, crouching beside the tent. Maybe it was outside now, crouching there just like before, ready to come in.

Ace decided that she would never sleep again. And then she closed her eyes and drifted off.

The next thing she knew the Doctor was shaking her awake.

It was three in the morning and the wind died. While Ace tried to surface into full consciousness the Doctor unzipped the entrance to the tent. A clean cold breeze swept in, displacing the warm muggy air of the tent. Ace crawled over to kneel beside the Doctor and peer out.

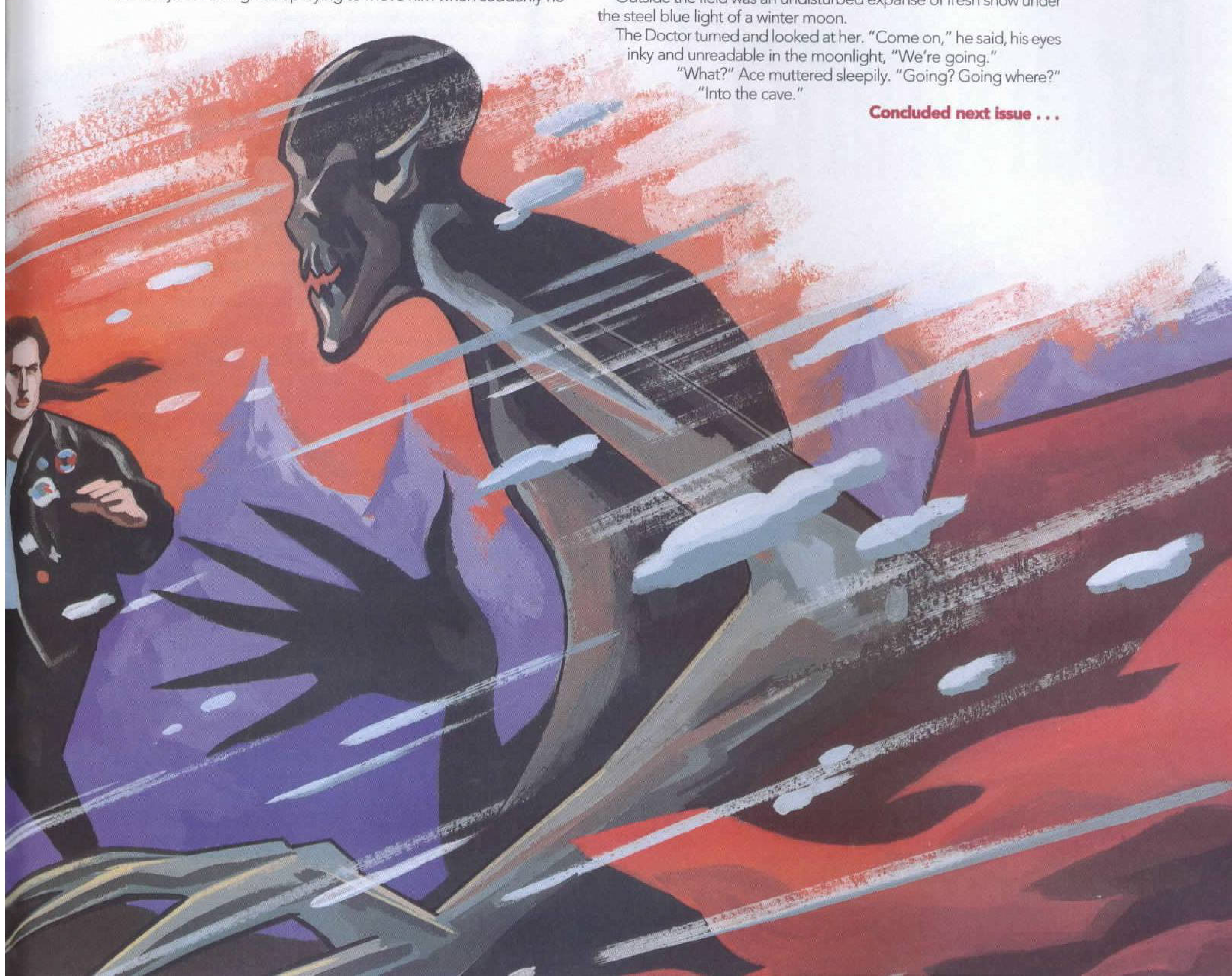
Outside the field was an undisturbed expanse of fresh snow under the steel blue light of a winter moon.

The Doctor turned and looked at her. "Come on," he said, his eyes inky and unreadable in the moonlight, "We're going."

"What?" Ace muttered sleepily. "Going? Going where?"

"Into the cave."

Concluded next issue . . .



Branching Out

Gary Cady entered *Doctor Who* history as the ill-fated Luke Ward in 1985's *The Mark of the Rani,* released on BBC Video this month. **Peter Griffiths** tracked him down to ask about the fateful day when Kate O'Mara turned him into a tree.

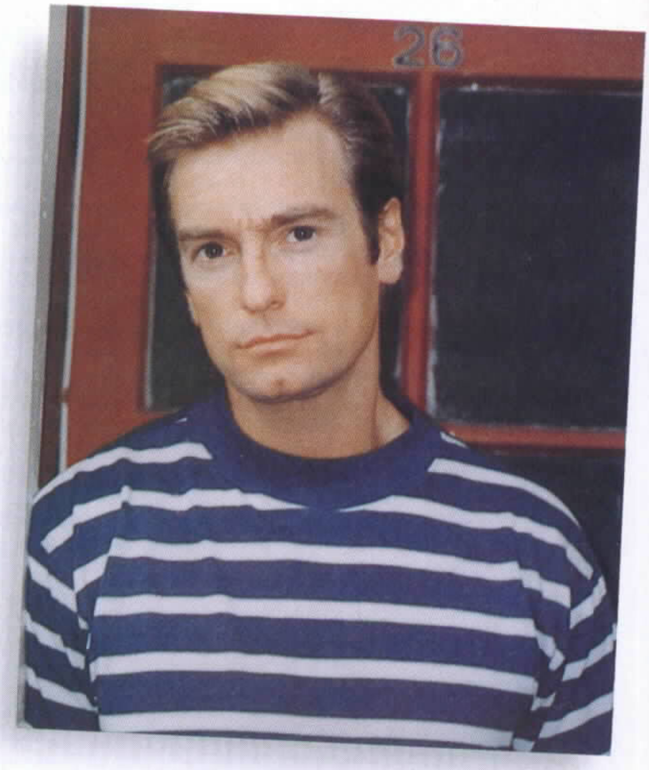
"I was a *Doctor Who* fan when I was a kid. Loved it. I used to be terrified. I suppose being in it was, in some ways, an ambition. My favourite was Pat Troughton, who I later worked with in radio. He was a lovely man, and I think he was the best actor. Yeah, he was my favourite. But they've all been good in their own way."

Gary flicks through a recent issue of **DWM** with interest. He seems vaguely surprised that anyone should be interested in his work.

"I started when I was eighteen. I went to drama school at the Barbican, and then the first television I did was *Brass.* It was brilliant, a crazy, original comedy – like *Soap*, but better. It took the mickey out of every genre. My character was very DH Lawrence, the young sensitive poet from a rough background. There's really never been anything else like it."

Doctor Who followed soon afterwards with a call from the producer in 1984. "It was a nice atmosphere on the show. It was directed by Sarah Hellings. She's doing very well; last year she was at Granada. She was very good. Colin Baker was good fun, liked to drink and all that. And so did John Nathan-Turner, I remember! He was very gregarious. They got on very well together."

I wondered what it was like being a guest artist rather than a regular on a series. "It's harder because the regulars have their own relationships and stuff. I mean, I had the reverse of that on *Brass.* I think it's the duty of the regular cast to make the guest feel at home. But it's part of the business that you get to know people quickly, because there's no time for any nonsense. You've got to get to work. On one big mini-series which I did, I met the girl in the morning and I was in bed with her in the afternoon. It's a requirement of the job."



Right: Gary Cady. Photo © Peter Griffiths

Gary eagerly watches excerpts from *The Mark of the Rani,* confessing that he's not actually seen it and looking suitably stunned that it was ten years ago. "I remember saying 'Mr Stephenson!' a lot! He was building the Rocket, wasn't he? They were always going back in time . . ."

We watch on and the Master makes an appearance. "Ooh, the baddie! This is great stuff. These always had good actors in them. Well-known faces. Also, it was well-known that you continued to get cheques for overseas sales and so on. Not much really, but . . ." He trails off, watching Nicola Bryant at work. "What happened to her? She was a nice girl, she was all right. There's Kate O'Mara. She went on to do *Dynasty* after this."

I relate the popular myth that Kate got the part of Caress Carrington after Aaron Spelling saw *The Mark of the Rani* story late one night in the States. "I wonder why I didn't get a part. That would have been nice. They probably thought that I talked rather strangely . . ."

He watches as Luke falls under the Master's influence. "Oh, there's a lot of that acting, like you're a goodie, but you're really a baddie." He seems a natural at it. "That's probably because I was brought up on *Doctor Who* so I knew what you were meant to do!"

Like the other Killingworth locals, Luke sports a Geordie accent. Was it difficult to assume? "No. It wasn't bad, was it? I had a strong Yorkshire accent which I had to lose at drama school, and I think that helps you, like learning a different language."

The story was filmed extensively on location at Blists Hill Open Air Museum. "Location's always best. We filmed it somewhere near Telford – Ironbridge? It was all the real McCoy, so that helped a lot. Somehow it's easier when you're surrounded by the real thing. Unlike that!" He points at the Rani's laboratory on the screen. "Location's more fun anyway, because you're away and staying at hotels and having drinks with people. You get to know them. We stayed in a sort of a pub."

Luke suffered a more bizarre end than most, ending up as a tree, courtesy of the Rani. "Yes, I remember that. One of my very first jobs was a Christmas season at Ipswich in which I played a centre-stage holly tree, so I'm used to it! Doing it was quite dangerous, because we were in the middle of a wood somewhere, and they dug a huge hole and filled it full of bark and other bits, and then they laid this tunnel. Compressed air rushed down the tunnel and shot the bark up into the air. I had to hit a mark quite close, and this thing kind of exploded. It was quite tricky to do. It would be quite expensive now, to spend an entire morning doing that. In fact they wouldn't have to – it's all computer-generated now." He watches the scene in question. "Brilliant! Look at that. Does the tree look like me?" He laughs.

I wondered if a regular role in *Doctor Who* would have appealed. "Not at that time, no, but my attitude's different now. Then I wouldn't have considered it because the work was coming in. I was young and 'hot', so there were lots of things to choose from and for seven years I never stopped working. I did lots of stuff which should have been a lucky break, but somehow it didn't quite happen."

Gary's career has been varied nonetheless over the last ten years, incorporating everything from a mini-series shot in India with Kirk Douglas, the Merchant Ivory film *The Deceivers*, to American soap pilots and screen tests with the likes of Tom Cruise and Mel Gibson. He has just completed *A Room with A View* for Radio 4 and a villainous role in Channel 4's *The Politician's Wife*. He's also worked in theatre for the last few years, both in the London fringe and playing Christian for twelve months in *Cyrano de Bergerac* in the West End. On top of all this, he also harbours aspirations to direct. "My idea was that I was going to become so big that I could just walk into being a director like Clint Eastwood or Paul Newman, but that didn't happen," he says with a smile.

"Brilliant! Look at that. Does the tree look like me?"

Bearing in mind his earlier words, if Philip Segal rang tomorrow and invited Gary to star in a new *Doctor Who* series, what would be the answer? "Yes, like a shot. I think I've done enough now not to be typecast, and I don't think I'd care even if I was. In some ways typecasting's good because it means you work more. I always used to be cast as the pretty blond, and I turned down a few things I shouldn't have turned down. I wouldn't turn them down now. Still, as long as you manage to keep your hand in, you're there with a chance." ◆

Matrix Data Bank

Compiled by
Andrew Pixley

KLOKLEDA PARTHA MENNIN KLATCH . . .

Ann McIntosh of Houston, Texas, after watching the Doctor hypnotise the Queen's security guards in Part One of the extended version of *Silver Nemesis,* wishes to know what other feats of hypnotism the Doctor has shown over the years. Many of the following actually seem to show him *breaking* another person's hypnotic state, but here goes!

The First Doctor seems to use his jewelled ring to break Dodo's WOTAN-induced hypnosis in *The War Machines* Episode 2 (he also uses the ring to guide a conditioned Zarbi during *The Web Planet,* but this does not appear to involve his hypnotic powers). The Doctor is also seen freeing Victoria from the thrall of the Great Intelligence in *The Abominable Snowmen* Episode Five, helping to release Jo from the Master's mental domination in *Terror of the Autons* Episode Two, and breaking BOSS' hold over both Mike Yates and Stevens in Episodes Five and Six of *The Green Death* (using the blue crystal from Metebelis III, and inadvertently hypnotising the Brigadier in the process!).

The Second Doctor hypnotises Vana in Episode One of *The Krotons* to ease the catatonic state induced inside the Dynatrope, and takes control of some conditioned human troops in *The War Games* – as well as helping Lieutenant Carstairs and Lady Jennifer to overcome their processing. The use of a spinning mirror or a spinning TARDIS key helped the Doctor to empathise with Aggedor (and briefly hypnotise Jo Grant) in various episodes of *The Curse of Peladon* and *The Monster of Peladon.* The Third Doctor also used the Master's fear-generating box to make an Ogron see him as a Dalek in Episode Six of *Frontier in Space.*

Sarah Jane Smith is hypnotised by the Fourth Doctor several times – firstly so that she can survive without air in the decompression chamber during *Terror of the Zygons* Part Two, secondly to break Hieronymous' conditioning in Part Three of *The Masque of Mandragora,* and finally to learn more about her possession by Eldrad during *The Hand of Fear* Part Two. His powers allow him to overcome Li H'sen Chang's influence over Jago in Part Two of *The Talons of Weng-Chiang.* He puts the Collector's bodyguard into a trance during the final episode of *The Sun Makers* (inadvertently reviving him shortly afterwards), hypnotises Rodan so that she will build the De-Mat gun in a trance in *The Invasion of Time* Part Six, and attempts to send the relic room shrieve to sleep by hypnosis in *The Ribos Operation* Part Two. The Fourth Doctor also attempts to hypnotise Ranquin into freeing Romana, Rohm-Dutt and himself in Part Three of *The Power of Kroll,* but fails because the Swampie has "piggy little eyes".

The Fifth Doctor helps to regress the Mara-possessed Tegan in Part One of *Snakedance,* while the Sixth Doctor uses a swinging pocket-watch to placate both Jamie in *The Two Doctors* Part Two and the enraged Mutant in *Revelation of the Daleks* Part One. The powers of the Seventh Doctor seem to be the strongest of all. As well as persuading the Queen's guards to let him and Ace escape in the video version of *Silver Nemesis* Part One, he is also able to make both Peter Warmsly and Pat Rowlinson wish to leave the hotel in Part Three of *Battlefield.* His powers also seem to revive both the entranced Inspector Mackenzie and the Neanderthal butler Nimrod in Part Two of *Ghost Light.*

THE FULL WAX

The final question is from **Simon Flisher** from Canterbury, who has recently seen the disembodied heads of both Tom Baker's Doctor and the Tom Baker manifestation of Meglos on display at Madame Tussaud's famous wax museum in London. He would like to know what other waxworks at the exhibition have been based on characters from the series.

Firstly, Tom Baker holds the distinction of being the first person to have appeared twice at Madame Tussaud's (in his Gallifreyan and Zolfa-Thuran personae), after being photographed and measured for sculpting by Judith Craig in the Spring of 1980. Baker's replica appeared in the Doctor's Season Eighteen outfit from Friday 29th August 1980, accompanied by K9 which wasn't a waxwork. Other figures were then added to form an exhibition called *The Doctor Who Experience* which opened in late October 1980, just as Tom Baker announced his departure from the series. This very popular exhibit, overseen by Tussaud's designer Michael Wright, was given an extended run into the early summer of 1981. The other figures were a Foamasi (*The Leisure Hive*), Meglos, a Marshman (*Full Circle*), Davros, a blue Dalek (also not a waxwork), a Sontaran (supposedly Styre from *The Sontaran Experiment,* although the waxwork more closely resembled *The Time Warrior*'s Linx), and a Nimon with the Anethan sacrifices (*The Horns of Nimon*). Extracts of dialogue from the original soundtracks of *The Sontaran Experiment, Genesis of the Daleks, Meglos* and *The Horns of Nimon* were played alongside the appropriate tableaux, so that visitors could hear Styre making a report to the Marshal, listen to Davros predicting the rise of the Daleks from the ashes of the Kaled race, and be welcomed to Skonnos by the rumbling tones of the Nimon. A late addition to the display was Romana in her *Full Circle* outfit, and to save time this effigy used a cast of Lalla Ward's face instead of a sculpted head – again, the first time this had been attempted by Tussaud's. For a short time in the mid-Eighties the display moved to Wookey Hole caves in Somerset – the very location that had been used for filming on *Revenge of the Cybermen.* In 1983 the Tom Baker figure made a memorable appearance alongside Richard Hurndall, Patrick Troughton, Jon Pertwee, Peter Davison and K9 at a publicity photo-call for *The Five Doctors.*

Aye-aye, that's yer lot! My five-year mission on *Matrix Data Bank* is now over as I wish to devote more time to the *Archives* and also to Marvel's new magazine, *Playback.* I'm sure that these random and wonderful facts will continue to flow again in the future with another Keeper of the Matrix at the helm, but all that's left for me to do is the thank-yous: to John Freeman for giving me the job in the first place, to Gary Russell and Gary Gillatt for carrying on his fine work, and to the great people like David Brunt, Anthony Clark, Paul Cornell, David Gibbes-Auger, Marcus Hearn, David J Howe, Una McCormack, Anthony McKay and Stephen James Walker for their help over the years . . . and to all the readers out there for a near infinite range of questions!

The TARDIS tin contains fifty soul-searching, bizarre and downright trivial questions. Each celebrity must answer twenty randomly selected queries . . .

Out of the TARDIS

Matthew Waterhouse

The death of Adric is remembered as one of the most dramatic moments of Eighties *Doctor Who*. But for Matthew Waterhouse, life goes on. Currently about to begin rehearsals for the title role in *Hamlet*, a part he has always dreamed of playing, Matthew found time to delve into the TARDIS tin . . .

What is the first thing you do in the morning?
Get up and have a bath. I'm quite into eating fruit at the moment, so probably the first thing I do after I've brushed my teeth is have a grapefruit or an orange or something.

What makes you angry?
Lots of things . . . I don't know . . . [After much thought] Stupid people! Really stupid people. It's a terrible thing, because one ought to have compassion for them. Really thick people being opinionated. They have a democratic right to be, but it just irritates me. That makes me sound horrible! What else? Very small things like not being able to open a tin. I have a tin-opener that only opens one in every three tins. It irritates me when I'm reading a book and suddenly a crease appears in the dust jacket. [Begins laughing] That's so pathetic, but it is true! That really, really irritates me.

What paper do you buy?
Well, this is actually really terrible because I don't buy one. I used to be a big newspaper person. I used to buy *The Guardian* or the *Telegraph*, although I'm sort of inclined more to *The Guardian*. I don't like Murdoch's papers, so sometimes I would buy the *Telegraph* which I got quite fond of in a sort of grumpy, reactionary way. It's quite fun to read something when you disagree with it. The trouble with newspapers is that most people buy them to agree with them, so you get all these very right-wing people who buy *The Daily Mail* and say, "Oh, isn't the country in a dreadful state?"

Who was your childhood hero?
Erm . . . It's a bit embarrassing in context really. [Pauses] Well, there's no question that when I was six years old it was Doctor Who. Compared to everything else on at the time, those programmes were so viscerally exciting to a child. We used to play it in the playground. I was always the Doctor, until somebody decided that I was rather big-headed and that someone else should have a go. Basically all the intelligent kids were the Doctor and all the thick kids got to be Jamie and various monsters!

I think there's no question that for a generation of children inclined towards that sort of entertainment, *Doctor Who* was the formative fiction in their lives. I do think that's true. I can see its influence in my taste for Dickens, for example.

What is your favourite meal?
That's really difficult because I love food. I love eating out in restaurants. There's a place I go to in Soho which does a goat's cheese salad. I'd have that as a starter and then for the main course I'd have some kind of fish. I'm a big fish eater.

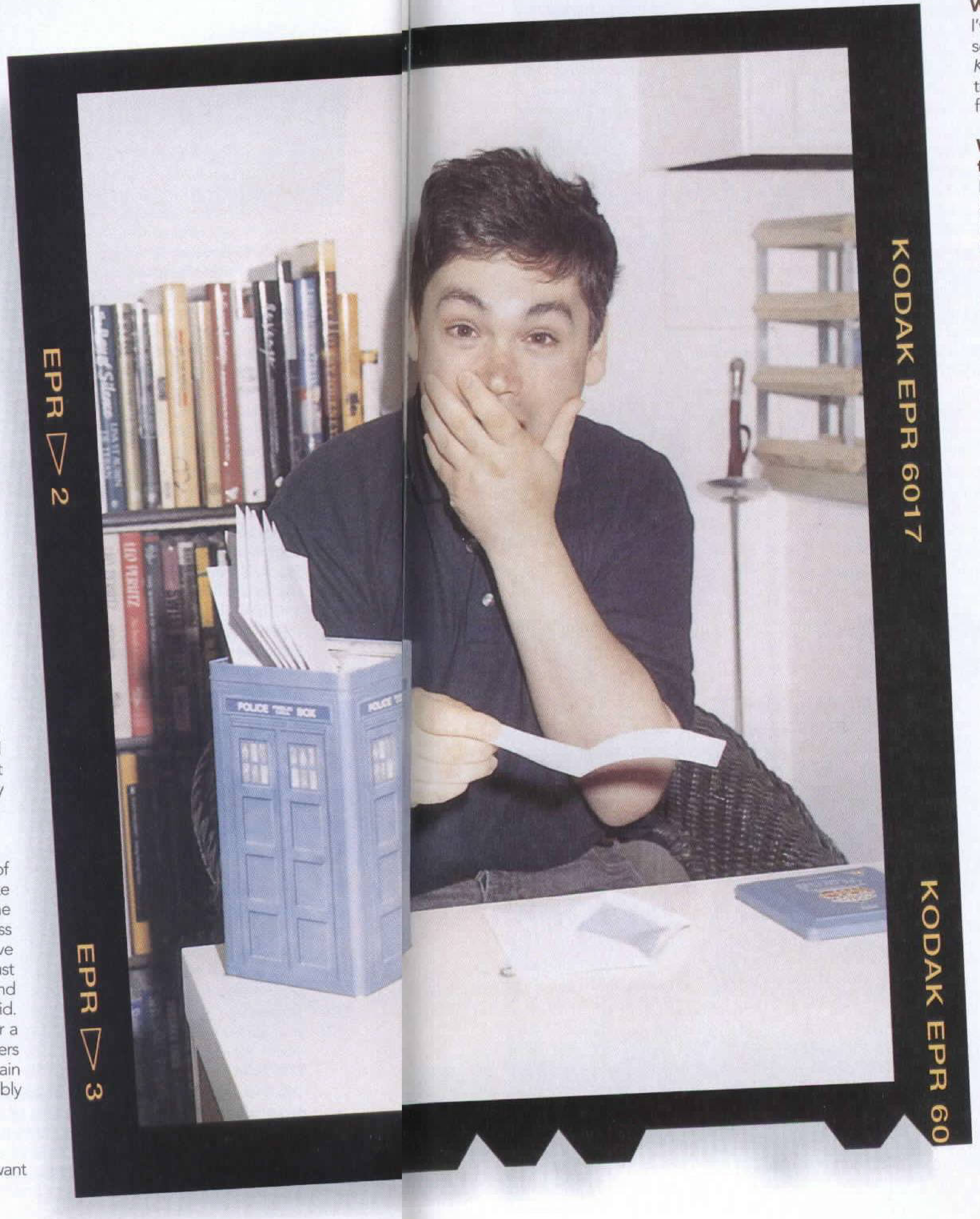
Who was your first best friend?
My first best friend was a stuffed rabbit called Mr Rabbit that was given to me when I was born. He's still around; he sits there at my father's house on top of a toy box. My real, biggest best friend at grammar school was an extraordinary, tall, thin black kid called Dele who came from Africa. That was when I was twelve.

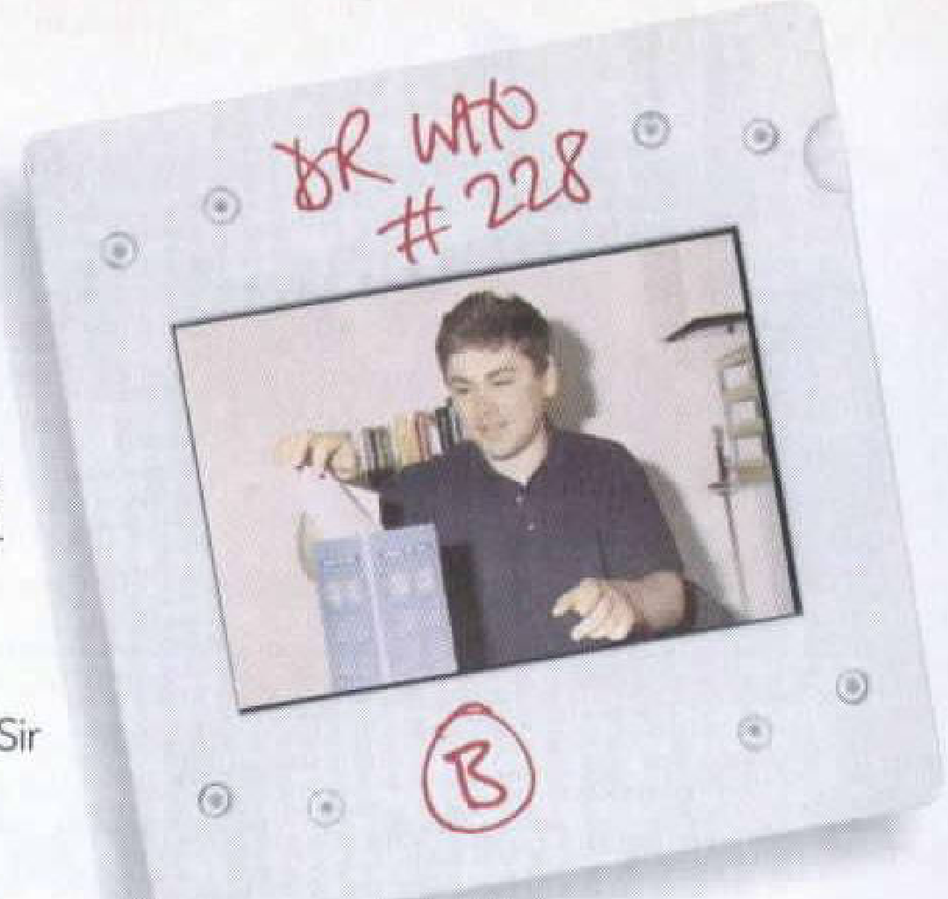
What would you do if you won the lottery?
First of all, I'd buy a flat in Soho. Then I'd form a theatre company. We'd perform something surreal and avant-garde that would lose lots of money, but I wouldn't care. It would have a West End run for a year anyway because I could afford it. The first production would have been *Hamlet* had I not been about to do it. Beckett! Maybe I'd do Beckett. His work is full of odd characters, which I love.

Do you enjoy gardening?
I don't garden, no. I do occasionally get made to weed which I do very reluctantly. I love the idea of a gorgeous garden with beautiful flowers, and I love the idea of being able to identify the different flowers and plants, but I can't. I don't enjoy gardening but I do enjoy gardens.

Do you prefer Captain Kirk or Captain Picard?
I really hate *Star Trek*. It's like all these cult things – if you aren't a part of it you just can't see it. You can certainly tell someone who doesn't like Shakespeare why *Macbeth* is a good play, but you can't tell someone *Doctor Who* is good if they don't like it. I find *Star Trek* so awful. It's so crass and middle-brow and toe-curling. It's full of people making speeches. I've only seen about three or four episodes of *The Next Generation* and they just made me so angry. I thought that they were so slow and tedious and pompous and self-important. I did like the original *Star Treks* when I was a kid. I think the Harlan Ellison episode is very good, though I haven't seen it for a very long time; there's a Theodore Sturgeon one as well and one or two others that I remember as being tremendously exciting. I'm inclined to like Captain Kirk more, simply because he's more absurd. Patrick Stewart is probably slightly too good an actor to really fit into *Star Trek*, I feel.

Which day of your life would you most like to relive?
It's terribly boring but I can't think of a single particular day that I would want to relive.



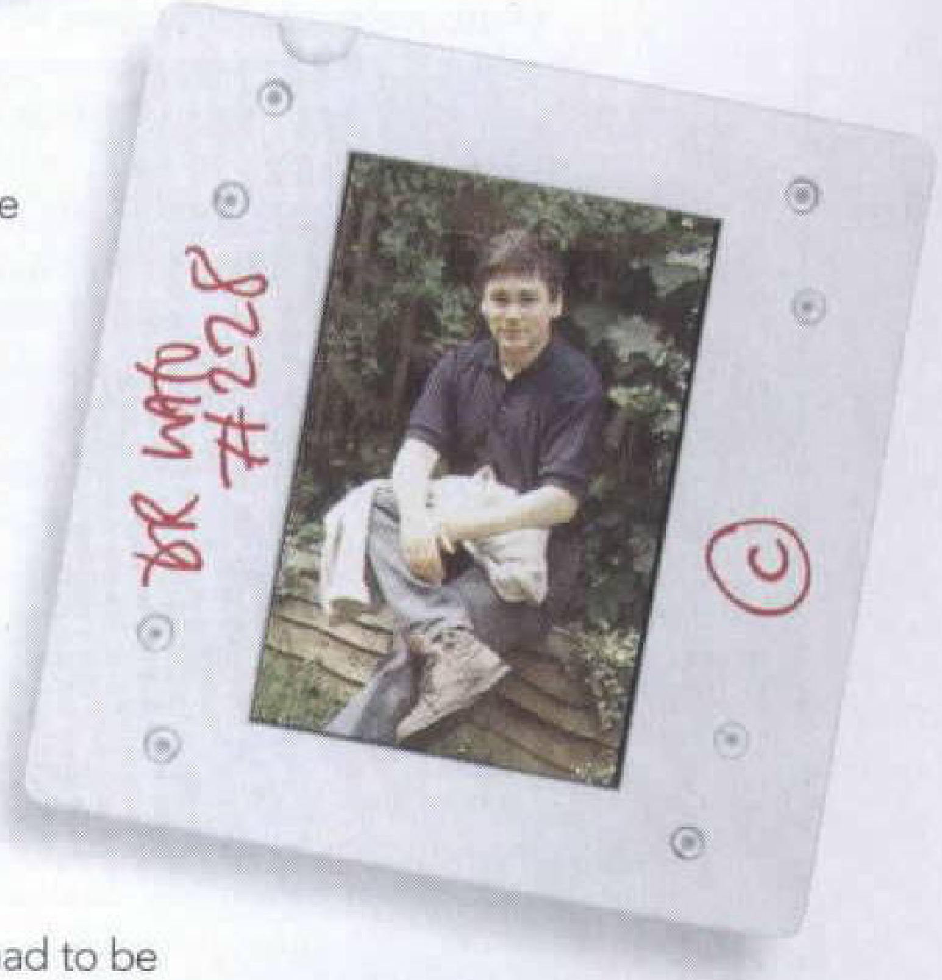


If you had three wishes what would they be?
I would love to be able to travel in time. Oh God, that would be so exciting. I would love to walk through Victorian London. I'm a big walker and I love city walking. One is so used to the images of Victorian London from Dickens and Conan Doyle and so forth. I would love to feel it and smell it – although it might stink to high heaven. For number two I'd love to travel all the railways in the world. I'm not a railway buff, but I'd like to take an around-the-world trip by rail starting, of course, with the Orient Express. For number three I would love to be a really, really outstanding musician, to be able to play an instrument really well. Music is such a dense and rich world that you can be occupied intellectually forever if you have that talent.

Do you like your own name?
I think it's all right. It's not a sort of thrilling name like Clint Eastwood and it's not distinguished like Sir John Gielgud or Sir Ralph Richardson – it doesn't flow. I'm not mad about my name, but it'll do.

What book are you reading at the moment?
I'm actually reading *Remembrance of Things Past* by Marcel Proust. It's this 6000-page epic about this guy reflecting on his past life. I am reading it slowly, and I'm reading other things as well, so it's not as though I'm reading 6000 pages solidly which would drive me mad.

What would you like written on your gravestone?
I quite like gravestones. I like the idea of a very simple gravestone – at the moment I do, anyway. It will either be very simple or it will be incredibly pompous with quotes from obscure poets.



What is your most treasured possession?
I've got a first edition, from about 1875 or something, of *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*. It's just gorgeous with this great gold and red carving on the front cover.

Which classic film would you most like to have worked on?
I would like to have been in *Citizen Kane*, to have been one of the Mercury Theatre. There are millions of films I would like to have been in, but if it had to be one it would be that.

Were you well-behaved at school?
Not really, no! I wasn't all that riotous or revolutionary, but I was quite good at things like skiving. I'd leave school an hour early, that sort of thing. I wasn't unhappy at school. I didn't *like* it that much, but I wasn't unhappy. I was always quite popular. I think I was probably quite weird now I think about it. But people quite like odd people as long as they're not going to kill you. So I wasn't unhappy or unpopular.

If you could swap places with a member of the opposite sex for a day, who would it be?
There's this extraordinary novelist who I really, really love called Lisa St Aubin de Terán. I would love to be able to get into her mind for a day. She's lived such an extraordinarily rich life and has a tremendously rich eye to observe and to capture her experiences and put them on the page. I would love to be her for a day, though I don't think one should be romantic about other people's lives. In many ways I'm sure that her life has been very difficult and very tough.

What is the most frightening film you have seen?
It will be something really crappy and it won't be frightening at all. I remember seeing one called *The Plague of the Zombies*, a Hammer horror, and it was *so* scary. I think it's quite a good one, it's not a sort of "Carry On" Hammer. I'm sure if I saw it now I wouldn't be all that petrified, but this was when I was about eight or nine. Another one that scared me unbelievably was *Premature Burial*. I saw it again recently and it was absolutely dreadful - and about as scary as *Play School*!

When are you happiest?
I don't know what happiness really is. I think I'm still a bit too young to be happy. One wishes to be happy when the sun goes down in your sixties or your seventies. Happiness implies a sort of settling, it implies, "I'm now content, this is it." This is not to imply that I'm miserable because I'm not at all. I think I have quite a wide emotional range. I get quite depressed sometimes, but then I'm also capable of experiencing great joy and exhilaration, but those things are different from happiness. Happiness, I think, is yet to come. I'm not waiting for the doorbell to ring and happiness to be there. Some philosopher said that if you live to be happy you might as well be a pig because pigs live to be happy too, but that's not what human beings want. Whether that's what makes life interesting or not is open to question. ◆

Interview by
John Ainsworth

Photography by
Robin Prichard

Details of the forthcoming production of *Hamlet*, starring Matthew Waterhouse, will appear in a future issue of DWM.

Gallifrey Guardian

New documentaries bonanza!

In the wake of the success of the BBC Video *More Than 30 Years in the TARDIS*, this autumn sees the release of a new unlicensed and unofficial *Doctor Who* documentary from Master Vision Video.

Entitled *The Doctors – 30 Years of Time Travel and Beyond*, the production involves two names familiar to *Doctor Who* fans. Author Adrian Rigelsford (above left) has adapted his book *The Doctors – 30 Years of Time Travel* as the basis for the script, while the director's chair is occupied by none other than Bill Baggs (below left), the name behind BBV's *The AirZone Solution*, *The Zero Imperative* and the popular "Stranger" series.

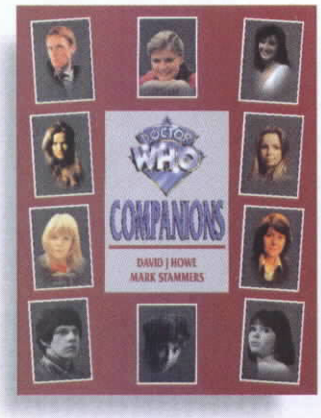
Master Vision director Gary Shoefield promises that the new documentary will "tell the story of *Doctor Who* without shackles. We are intending to give *Doctor Who* fans something special. We have done a lot of research into locating rare film, and are using plenty of footage which fans will not have seen before." To this end, and as a means of bypassing BBC licensing restrictions, the video will include fascinating home-movie footage from a number of private collections, covering the 1983 Longleat event *Doctor Who – a Celebration*, as well as location work on *The Smugglers*, *The Abominable Snowmen*, *The Dæmons* and *Shada*. The silent cine material from *The Smugglers* will be of particular interest to fans, since no episodes of this story exist in the BBC archives.

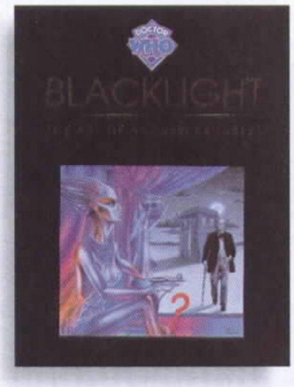
In addition to the rare footage, the video is due to feature new interviews with all the surviving Doctors and other luminaries including producer Philip Hinchcliffe, directors Graeme Harper and David Maloney, and actors Nicholas Courtney, Caroline John and Louise Jameson. Further names are expected to be confirmed shortly. With recording scheduled for completion by the end of June, a release date is currently planned for September 1995.

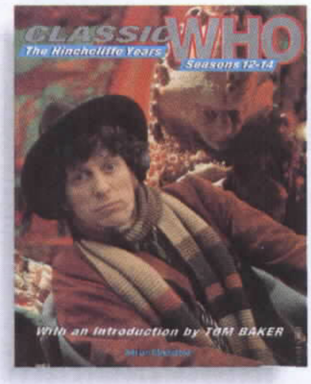
Meanwhile, BBV's latest production is *The Devil of Winterbourne*, a sequel to *The Zero Imperative* written by Mark Gatiss and recently recorded on location in Surrey. Alongside a number of familiar faces, Peter Davison stars as a public school headmaster in a production which promises to please horror buffs as well as *Doctor Who* fans.

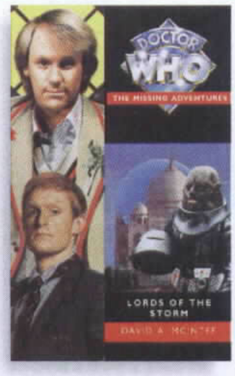
Acclaimed *More Than 30 Years in the TARDIS* director Kevin Davies is at the helm of yet another new video project, this time from Lumiere Pictures. Provisionally entitled *Dalekmania!*, this sixty-minute documentary will be a celebration of the two Sixties Dalek movies which starred the late Peter Cushing. Among the video's many exclusives will be rare archive footage and new interviews with Jill Curzon (companion Louise in *Daleks: Invasion Earth 2150 AD*, pictured right, on a recent visit to the Marvel offices), erstwhile Thals Barrie Ingham and Yvonne Antrobus, key special effects technicians and many others. Keeping continuity with his previous *Doctor Who* documentary, Davies has once more engaged the services of young actor Josh Maguire, who will feature in linking material shot at the Odeon cinema in London's Muswell Hill. Specially shot reconstructions will again be an important feature, with painstaking research having gone into the faithful recreation of the Daleks' flying saucer. Lumiere have announced a provisional release date of July 24th.

Book news









Pictured above are the covers of three large-format *Doctor Who* hardbacks due for publication in the autumn. *The Companions*, scheduled by Virgin for October, combines interview material with hundreds of photographs, many apparently featuring the Doctor's assistants as you've never seen them before. Also from Virgin is *Blacklight*, scheduled for November, which chronicles the *Doctor Who* artwork of Andrew Skilleter, with text by the artist himself accompanying reproductions of his paintings. Adrian Rigelsford's Boxtree offering, *Classic Who: The Hinchcliffe Years*, promises to deliver rare photographs, interviews and behind-the-scenes material on the early Tom Baker years. Scheduled for October, the book features a foreword by Philip Hinchcliffe and an introduction by Tom Baker.

Also reproduced here is the cover of *Lords of the Storm*, David A McIntee's December *Missing Adventure*, which pits the Fifth Doctor and Turlough against the Sontarans.

Exhibition news

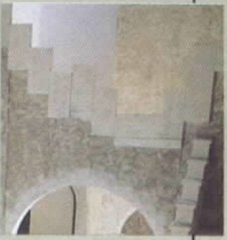
On Saturday 17th June, Colin Baker was guest of honour at the opening of the largest single *Doctor Who* exhibition ever mounted. Based at the premises of model manufacturers Dapol in Llangollen in Wales, the exhibition is designed by Martin Wilkie (a veteran of the Blackpool and Longleat exhibitions) in association with consultant John Nathan-Turner and BBC Worldwide.

The exhibition features costumes, monsters and visual effects displays covering *Doctor Who*'s entire history, including Yeti, Cybermen, Tractators and a Dalek, not to mention Tom Baker's scarf and Sylvester McCoy's umbrella! Among the many other exhibits, a particular favourite with visitors is bound to be Bessie, the vintage car beloved of the Third Doctor and last seen in *Battlefield*.

The exhibition is at Lower Dee Mill, Llagollen, Clwyd, just north of the A5. It is open seven days a week from 10.00am to 5.00pm, and is scheduled to run for at least twelve months. The admission fee was unconfirmed at the time of going to press.

Competition

BBC Video has offered us TEN copies of the Seventh Doctor's debut adventure *Time and the Rani* to give away. If you would like to be in with a chance of winning a copy, simply identify the story from which the set detail pictured here originates. Send your answer on the back of a postcard to LEAVE THE GIRL, IT'S THE MAN I WANT! at the usual address on page three.



Public Image

BBC Video's May 1st releases – the middle pair of Key to Time tales – happily continued the resurgent chart activity observed in March and April. According to *Video Home Entertainment*'s May 13th issue, both *The Stones of Blood* and *The Androids of Tara* entered the Top Ten at numbers seven and nine respectively. BBC Video's highest entry was at number four with *Red Dwarf: Gunmen of the Apocalypse*, but sweeping all before it was the video debut of *The X Files*. The first cases featuring Mulder and Scully settled current cult supremacy by taking numbers one and two. Even an *X Files* box-set, exclusive to HMV, sold enough to enter at number six.

BBC Video fared well on May 6th, when ten comedy titles re-entered the Top Fifty thanks to a £5 discount at WH Smith, but this did not benefit any *Doctor Who* titles. Meanwhile, *Star Trek*'s latest *Deep Space Nine* and *Next Generation* releases entered at numbers three and eight.

Later, on the 20th May chart, *The X Files* held onto numbers three and four, with *Red Dwarf*'s apocalyptic pistol-packers at seven. As usual, *Doctor Who* releases fell faster, with *The Stones of Blood* down twenty-one (to number twenty-eight) and the *Androids of Tara* down twenty-eight (to number thirty-seven).

Mark Wyman

Outside the Spaceship

Obituary: Nicholas Pennell, who played colonist Winton in *Colony in Space*, has died from lymphatic cancer aged 56. For the past twenty-three years he had been a leading actor at the Stratford Festival, Ontario, in Canada.

Peter Rutherford, who played Roth in *The Sontaran Experiment*, died on 21 May following a short illness.

Doctors: The episode of *Angels* broadcast by UK Gold on 11th May featured **Patrick Troughton** as George Moore, accompanied by his son Michael. Shot in 1976, it also had **John Nathan-Turner** as Production Unit Manager. ITV is currently showing reruns of the first series of *The Two of Us* on Sundays, featuring Patrick Troughton in one of his last roles as Perce.

Peter Davison's performance in *A Very Polish Practice* shows on UK Gold on 16th July, while the BBC has licensed Britannia Music to release some *All Creatures Great and Small* videos featuring Peter in November.

Companions: Stourbridge Town Hall plays host to *Raiders of the Lost Archive* (organised by television appreciation organisation Kaleidoscope) on 5th August, during which *The Morning Wasn't So Hot*, an episode of *Public Eye* featuring **Carole Ann Ford**, will be screened.

Maureen O'Brien's recent episode of *The Bill* was *Other Voices* on 1st June in which she played Joy Grainger, while **Chris Clough** was behind the cameras for the subsequent story *Water Wings*.

Bernard Cribbins (Tom Campbell from *Daleks - Invasion Earth 2150 AD*) can be seen in Eduardo de Filippo's *La Grande Magia* at London's Lyttleton Theatre.

The decision to kill off Joe Sugden, **Frazer Hines**' long-running *Emmerdale* character, has been taken by producer Mervyn Watson without the actor returning to the role.

John Leeson played the character Harris in the *Bugs* episode shown on BBC1 on 20 May.

Mary Tamm is playing a sexy spy in *Dark Side*, the first ever multi-million pound interactive direct to CD-ROM UK production, at Pinewood Studios alongside Harvey Keitel, Christopher Walken and Clive Owen.

Blackadder's Christmas Carol, featuring **Nicola Bryant**, is planned for re-release by BBC Video in November together with the previously unavailable 1988 *Comic Relief* sketch *Blackadder: The Cavalier Years*.

Bonnie Langford was one of the judges on *Pot of Gold*, the Des O'Connor talent show screened by ITV on 15th May, and appeared in a charity performance of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* at the Wimbledon Theatre on 2nd July.

Sophie Aldred has recorded *Number Time*, a BBC schools programme. It was recently revealed that Sophie had been under consideration for a presentation role in the recent revamp of the BBC's *National Lottery* show on Saturdays.

Script editors: Season Sixteen's **Anthony Read** was among the writers of the latest series of ITV's *The Chief* as produced by **John Davies** (*The Macra Terror*).

Douglas Adams is part of a consortium which has formed The Digital Village, a new organisation set up to exploit new digital technology opportunities.

Writers: Louis Marks is producing a Screen Two film, *Loving*, for the BBC, set in Ireland during the Blitz. Marks' production of *Middlemarch* carried off three BAFTA Awards at this year's ceremony, plus a Broadcasting Press Guild Award and a Voice of the Listener and Viewer's Annual Award.

Robert Banks Stewart is being sued along with the BBC and colleague Stephen Mayne by one Garth Denham, who claims to have been libelled in the BBC1 drama *Moon and Son*, broadcast in February 1992. Stewart was the producer of the series.

Eric Pringle wrote the Radio 4 play *Goodbye Simple Girl*, starring Ronald Pickup, which was broadcast in April.

Directors: On 16th June the National Film Theatre showed Allan McClelland's 1964 BBC television play *Bloomsday*, which was directed by **Henric Hirsch**.

The late **Alan Bromly** was the producer of *Francis Durbridge Presents: Bat Out of Hell*, a 1966 BBC serial shown at the MOMI on 27th June as a representation of Classic TV Crime.

Michael Hayes is expected to direct a pilot for a new science-fiction series about youngsters with psychic powers entitled *The Mentors*. Gareth Thomas, best known as Roj Blake, will play the villain. Other personnel include **Pat Godfrey** (costumes), **Sheelagh Wells** (make-up) and **Mark Ayres** (music).

Michael Kerrigan is one of two directors who have been busy shooting a new thirteen-part adaptation of Enid Blyton's *The Famous Five* adventures on location in the West Country.

Miscellaneous: *The Stones of Blood*'s **Susan Engel** and *Four To Doomsday*'s **Philip Locke** have been jointly honoured by Equity with 1995 Clarence Derwent Awards for their theatre performances in *A Clandestine Marriage* and *Easter* respectively.

Sara Griffiths, whose *Delta and the Bannermen* character Ray was nearly chosen as a companion, plays Anita in the BBC's middle-class North London drama *Castles*.

Dominic May

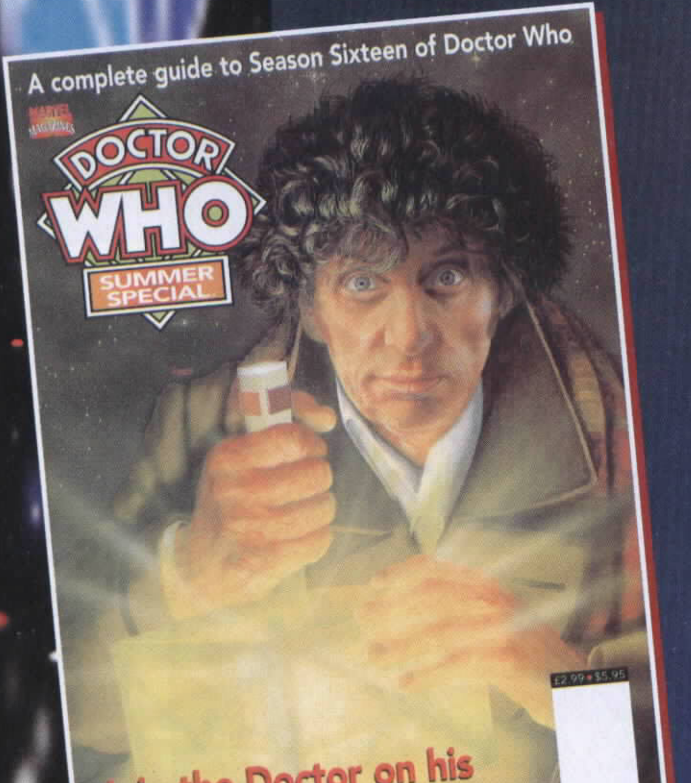
TWO GREAT SUMMER SPECIALS FROM MARVEL

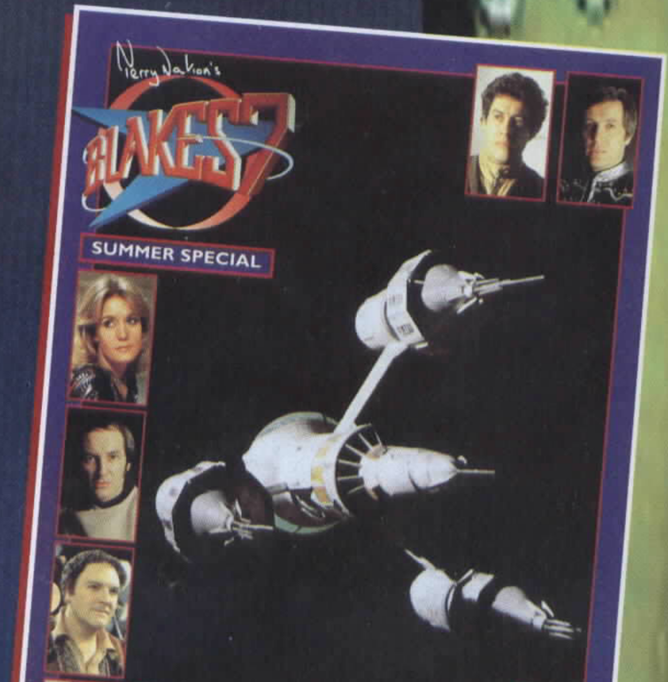
THE 1995 DOCTOR WHO SUMMER SPECIAL

The complete guide to Season Sixteen, the Key to Time stories

THE 1995 BLAKE'S 7 SUMMER SPECIAL

The complete guide to this classic BBC science-fiction series


A complete guide to Season Sixteen of Doctor Who
MARVEL MAGAZINES
DOCTOR WHO
SUMMER SPECIAL
£2.99 • $5.95
Join the Doctor on his quest for the Key to Time


Terry Nation's
BLAKE'S 7
SUMMER SPECIAL

MARVEL MAGAZINES

Available now from all good newsagents
£2.99